H160.

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ABROAD AND AT HOME.

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1786

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OVERTURE

For the Piano Forte or Harpsichord

Allegro

p Andante

f

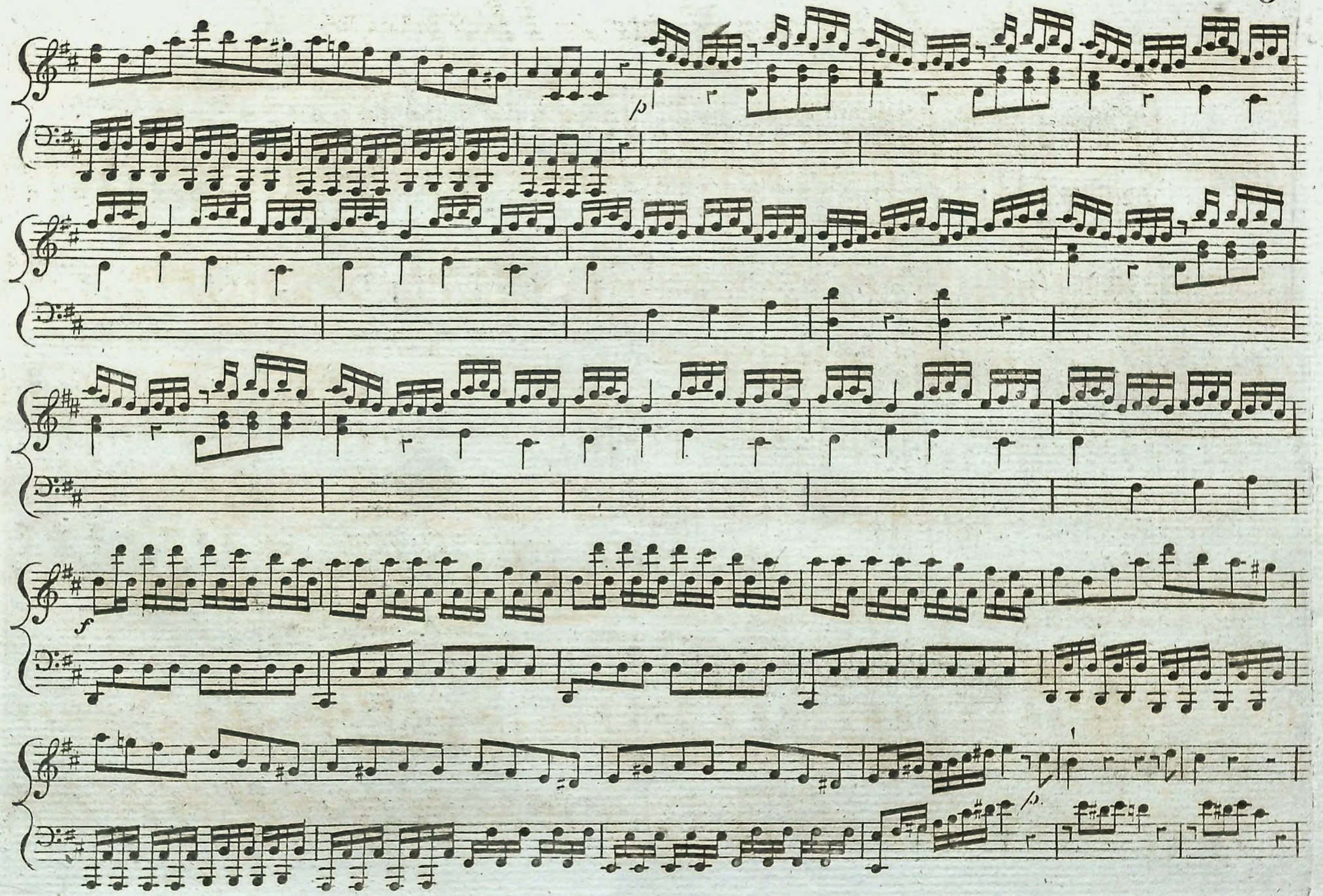
Allegro

pp

cres

il

f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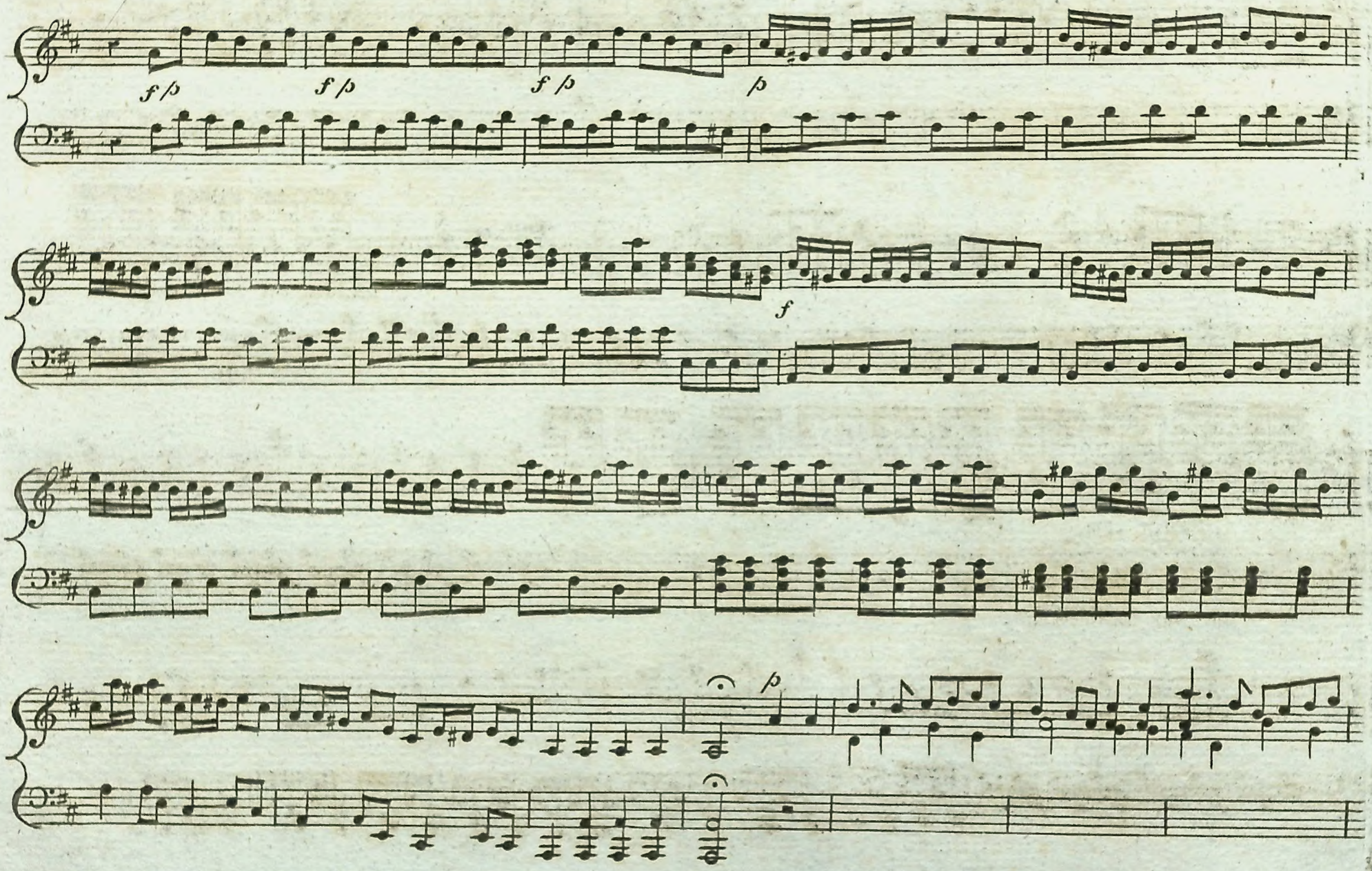
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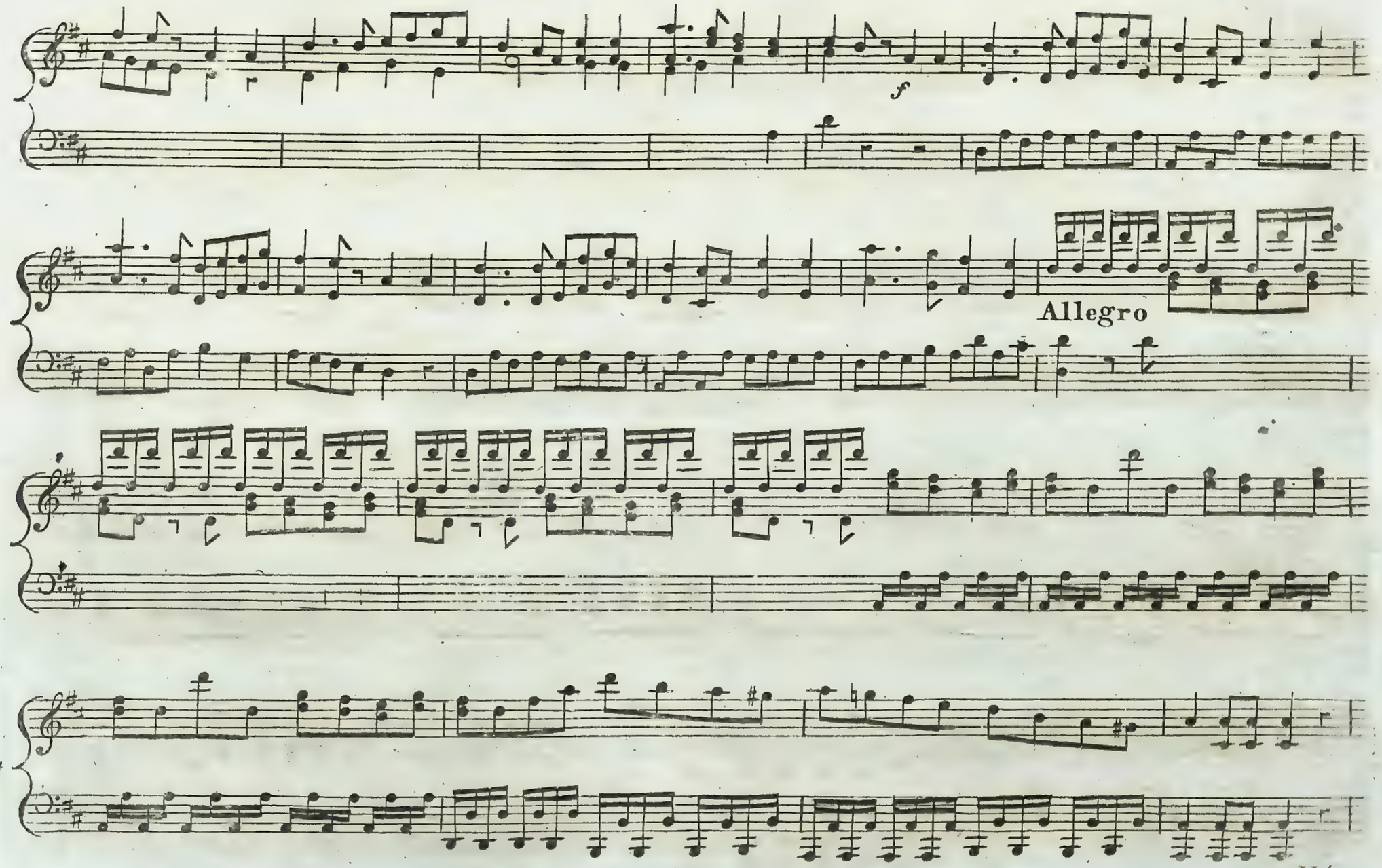
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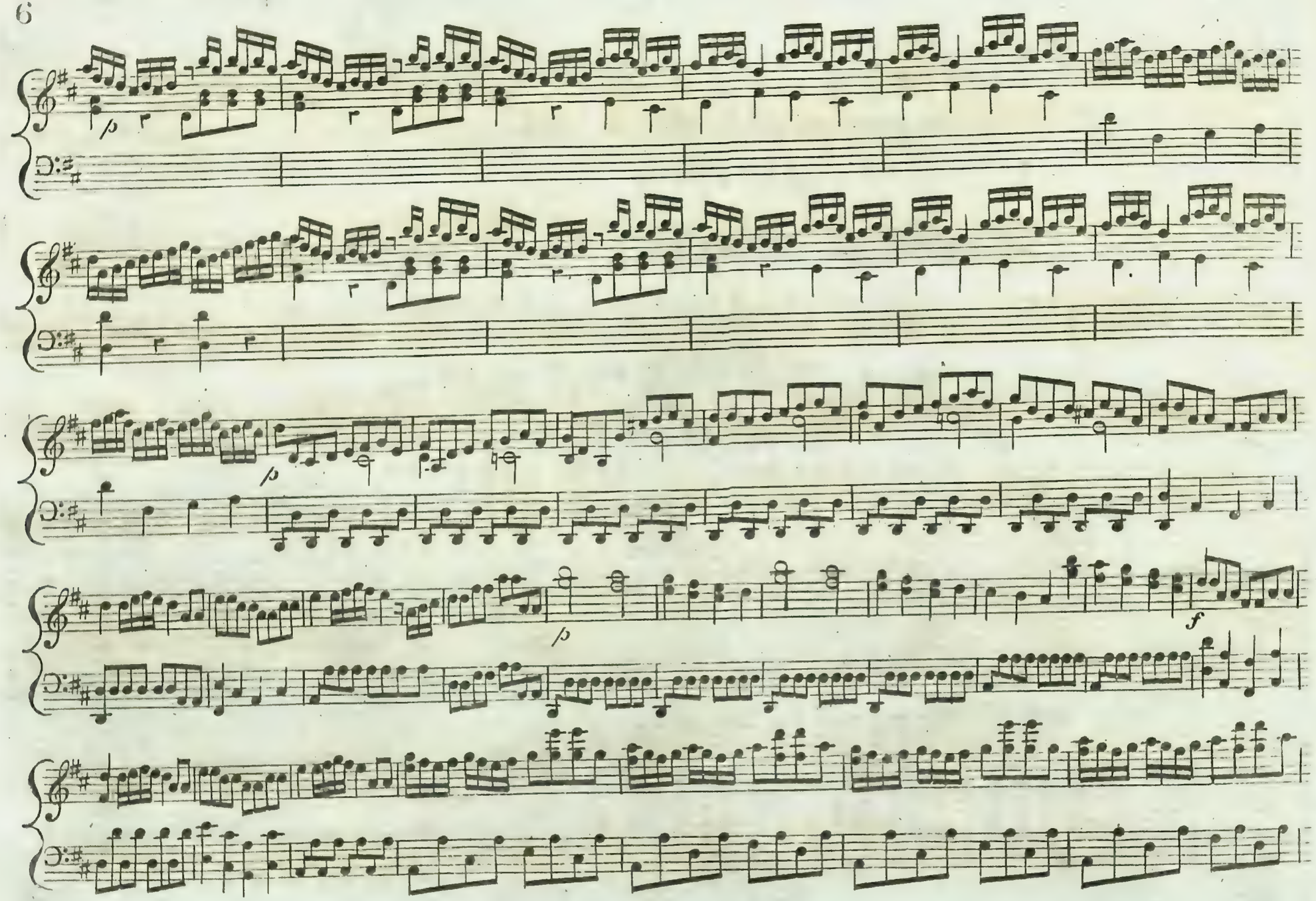
Allegro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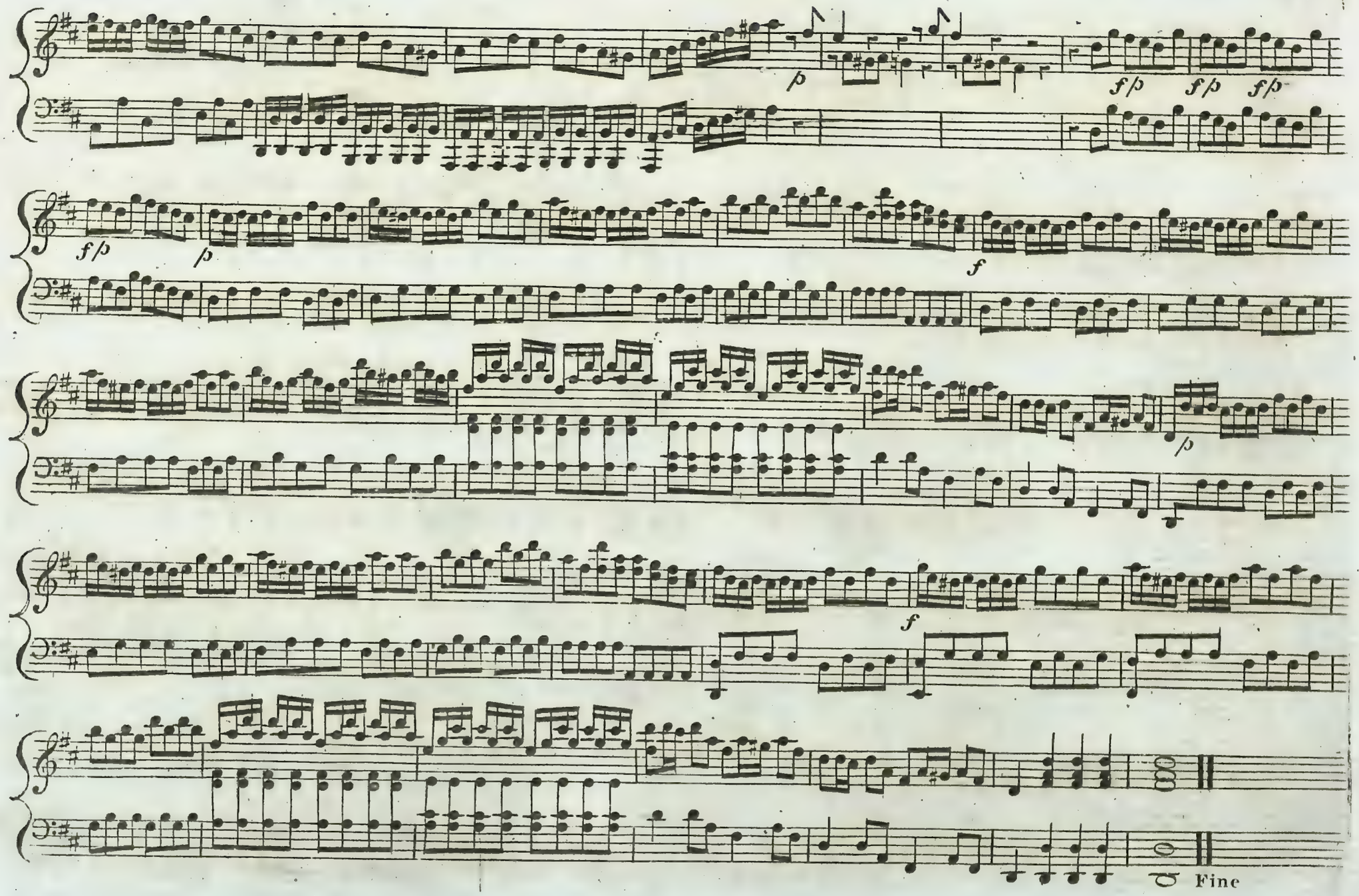
p
fp
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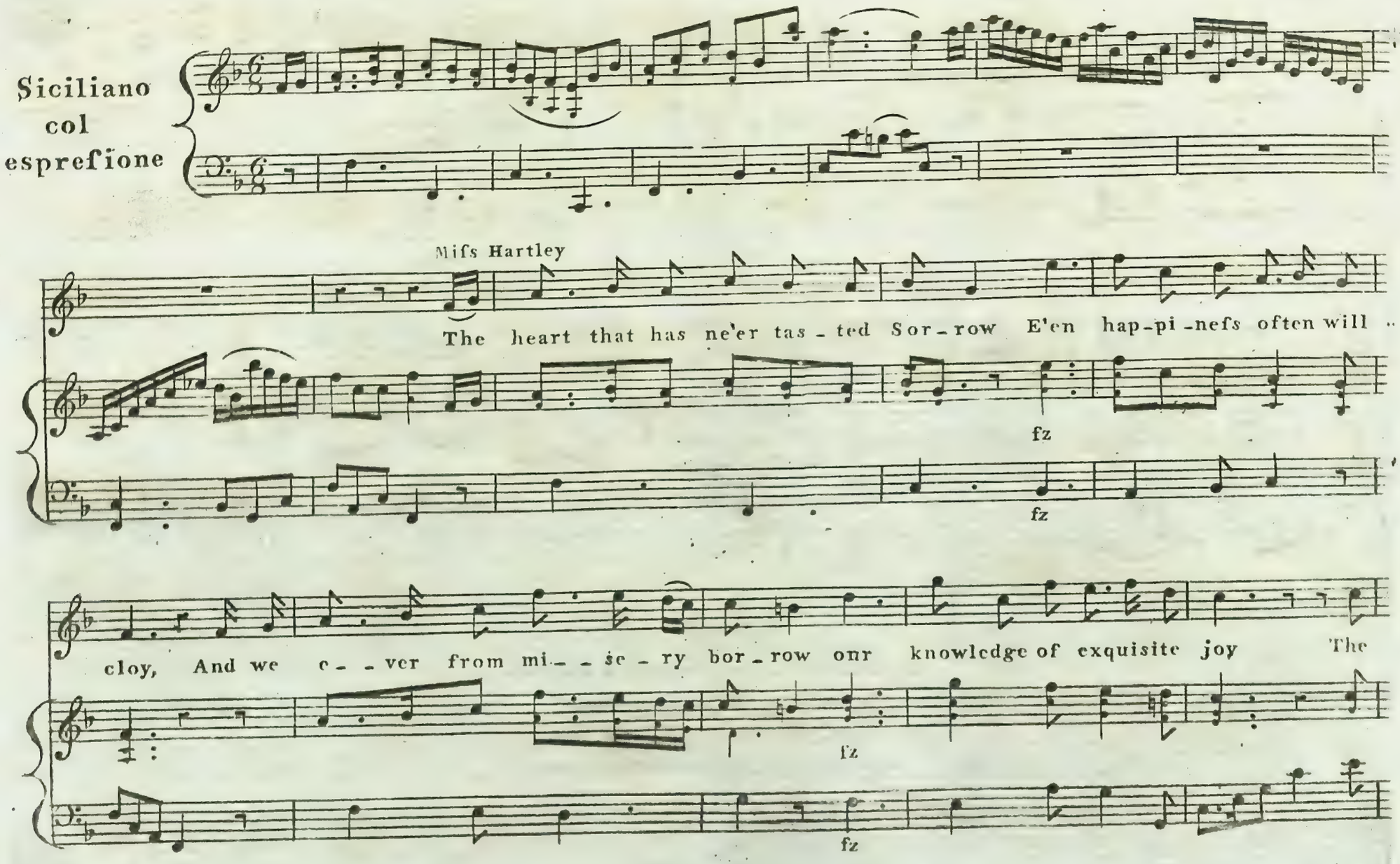
f
f
p
f
Fine

Sung by Mrs. Second.



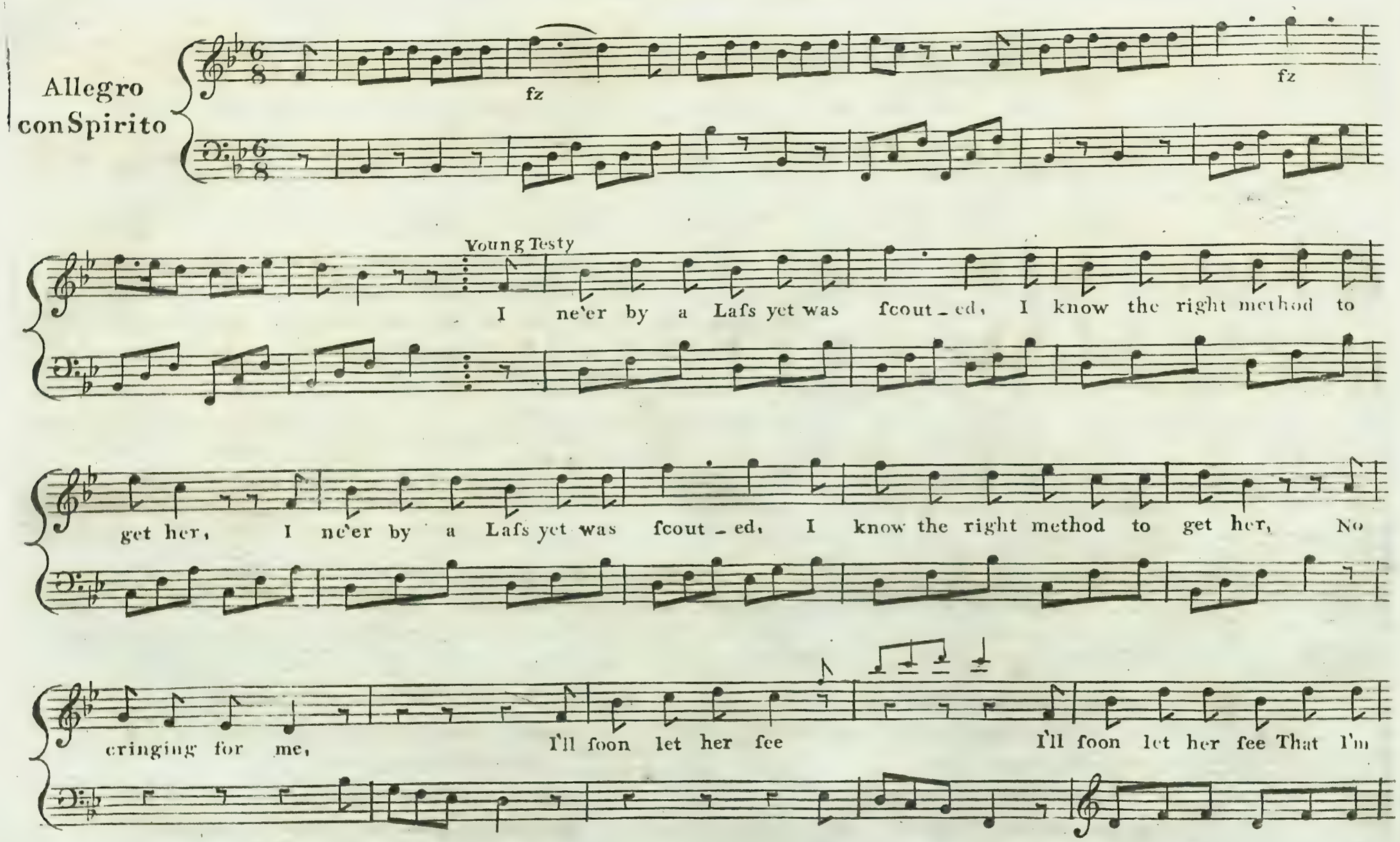
heart that has ne'er tasted Sorrow, E'en hap-pi-nefs of-ten will cloy; And we e-ver from mi-se-ry

borrow Our knowledge of exqui-site joy.

2

To those who all anguish wou'd fmother,
The best use of life is unknown;
To feel for the woes of another,
Or value the blifs that's their own.

Sung by Mr. Knight.



bold and ſhe'll like me the better. Then I'll ſing tol lol lol de rol lol,

She'll ſing fa la la la la la la, I'll ſing tol de rol tol de rol lol Because ſhe likes me the

better.

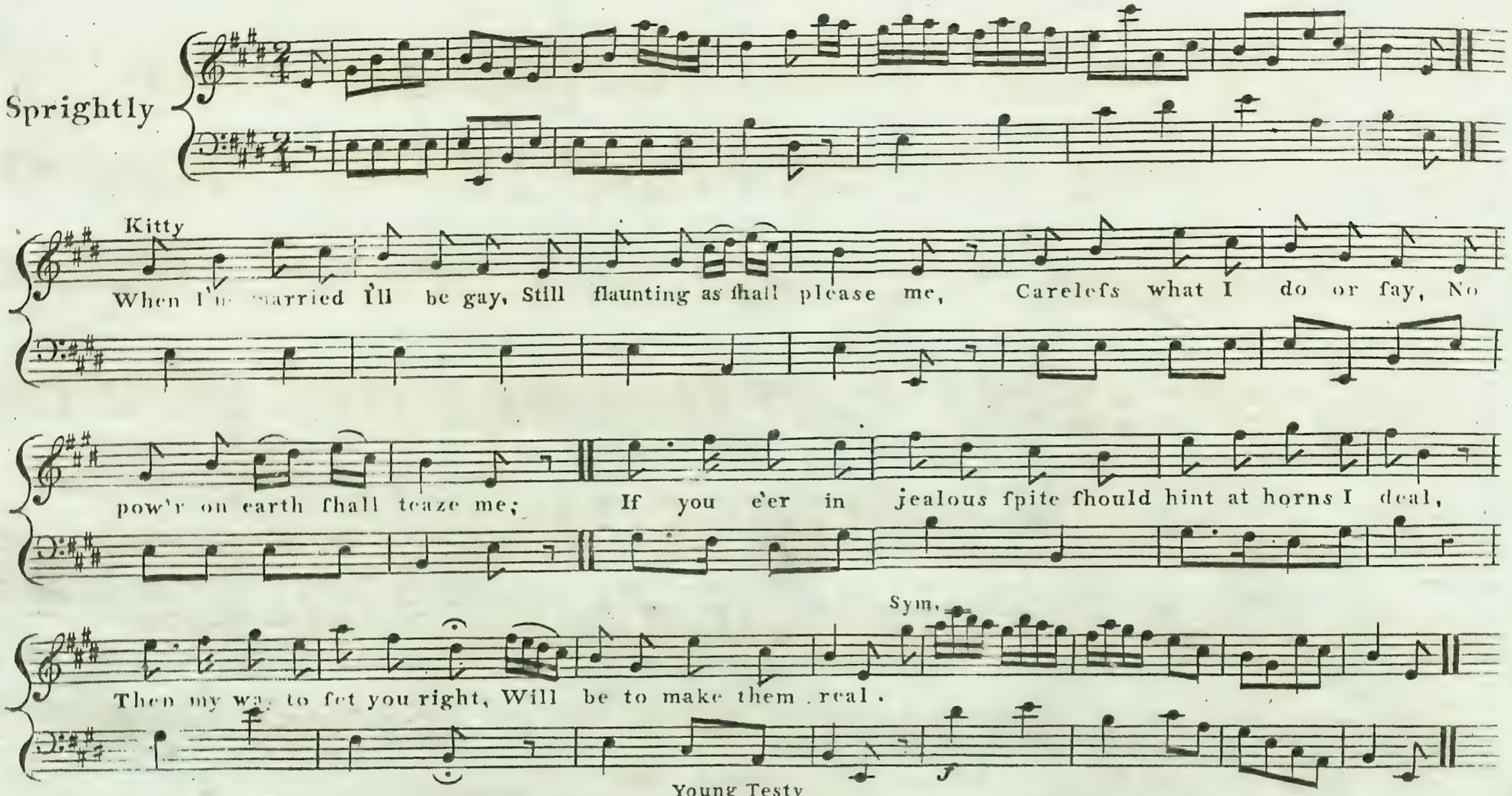
2

𝄋 I'm a boy that's not easily flouted,
If ſhe give herself airs, why e'en let her, 𝄋
When to kiſs her I try,
𝄋 You're rude, Sir, ſhe'll cry, 𝄋
Why I am, and you like me the better.
Then I'll ſing tol de rol &c.

3

𝄋 When ſhe finds that I'm not to be routed,
And at morn, noon, and night I beset her, 𝄋
She'll alter her tone,
𝄋 And readily own 𝄋
Tho' I'm rude, that ſhe likes me the better.
Then I'll ſing tol de rol &c.

DIALOGUE and DUET. Sung by Mr. Knight and Mrs. Martyr.



Young Testy

Husbands, now, for horns who care,
Must be lefs wise than nice, Ma'am,
While, at market, horns will bear
So very high a price, Ma'am:
And for lawyers too, like me,
No trouble it at all is,
Since horn-fair remov'd we fee
To Westminster old hall is.

Kitty

Then fince we a - gree fo ea - sy to be, Let's mar - ry as foon as we can Then

Young Testy

Then fince we a - gree fo ea - sy to be, Let's mar - ry as foon as we can Then

fince we a - gree fo ea - sy to be, Let's mar - ry as foon as we can, Let's marry as foon as we can Let's

fince we a - gree fo ea - sy to be, Let's mar - ry as foon as we can, Let's marry as foon as we can Let's

marry Let's marry Let's marry as foon as we can.

marry Let's marry Let's marry as foon as we can.

2do

V. S.

For not to de_mur What e'er may occur, Is furely the very best plan to marry to marry to

For not to de_mur What e'er may occur, Is furely the very best plan to marry to marry to

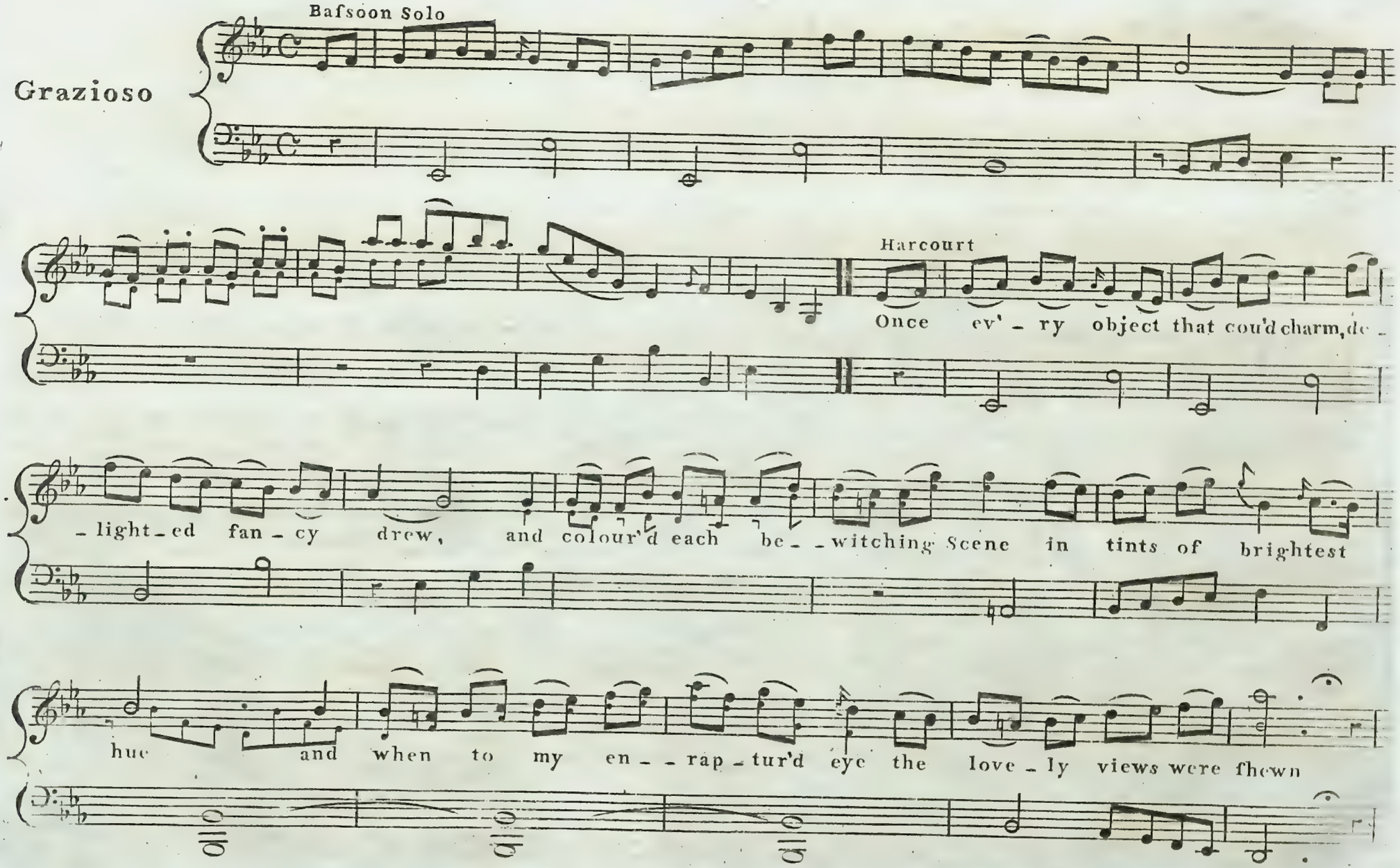
marry to marry to marry Then fince we agree fo easy to be Let's marry as foon as we can as foon as we

marry to marry to marry . Then fince we agree fo easy to be Let's marry as foon as we can as foon as we

can as foon as we can.

can as foon as we can.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.



Hope fweetly whisper'd in mine ear these prospects are thine own, Hope fweetly whisper'd

Segue

in mine ear these prospects are thine own, Hope fweetly whisper'd in mine ear these

Segue Segue

prospects are thine own and when to my en - rap - tur'd eye the love - ly views were fhewn,

Hope fweetly whisper'd in mine ear these prospects are thine own.

Allegro Agitato

But fan-cy now with gloomy fcowl, fhuns ob-jects of de-light,

ff

furioso

But fancy now with

p

gloomy fcowl, fhuns ob-jects of de-light, She chuses horrors dark and wild

chuses horrors dark and wild chuses horrors dark and wild and Scenes of blackest

night.

fz fz

V.S.

Such Pictures forc'd up - on my sight, Where all things dire com - bine, fuch pictures forc'd upon my fight, Where

all things dire com - bine where all things dire com - bine where all - - - - - - - things dire com -

- bine - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Despair with thund'ring Tone proclaims these prospects now are

thine - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

chuses horrors dark and wild, and scenes of blackest night: Such Pictures forc'd up - on my sight, where all things dire com-

- bine, Such Pictures forc'd up - on my sight, where all things dire com - bine, Despair with thund'ring

tone proclaims These prospects now are thine, these pro - - -

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

Allegro con Spirito

When to my pretty

Poll I went and I to travel fought her, Ah ſtay at home, dear Jack, ſays ſhe, I cannot croſs the Water: What cou'd I do? A-

-way I flew, A Curricle I bought her, Six ſmoaking Bays, All Hyde-Park gaze, From Tattersall I brought her; Dear

espreſs

Jack, ſays ſhe, How kind you be! She'd coax like Eve's own daughter, With you will I both

live and die, Do all but croſs the Wa-ter, do all but croſs the Water, do all but croſs the

Water Then Splashing Dashing thro' the town, She

drove the Stare of all then Splashing Dashing thro' the town ſhe drove the ſtare of all the

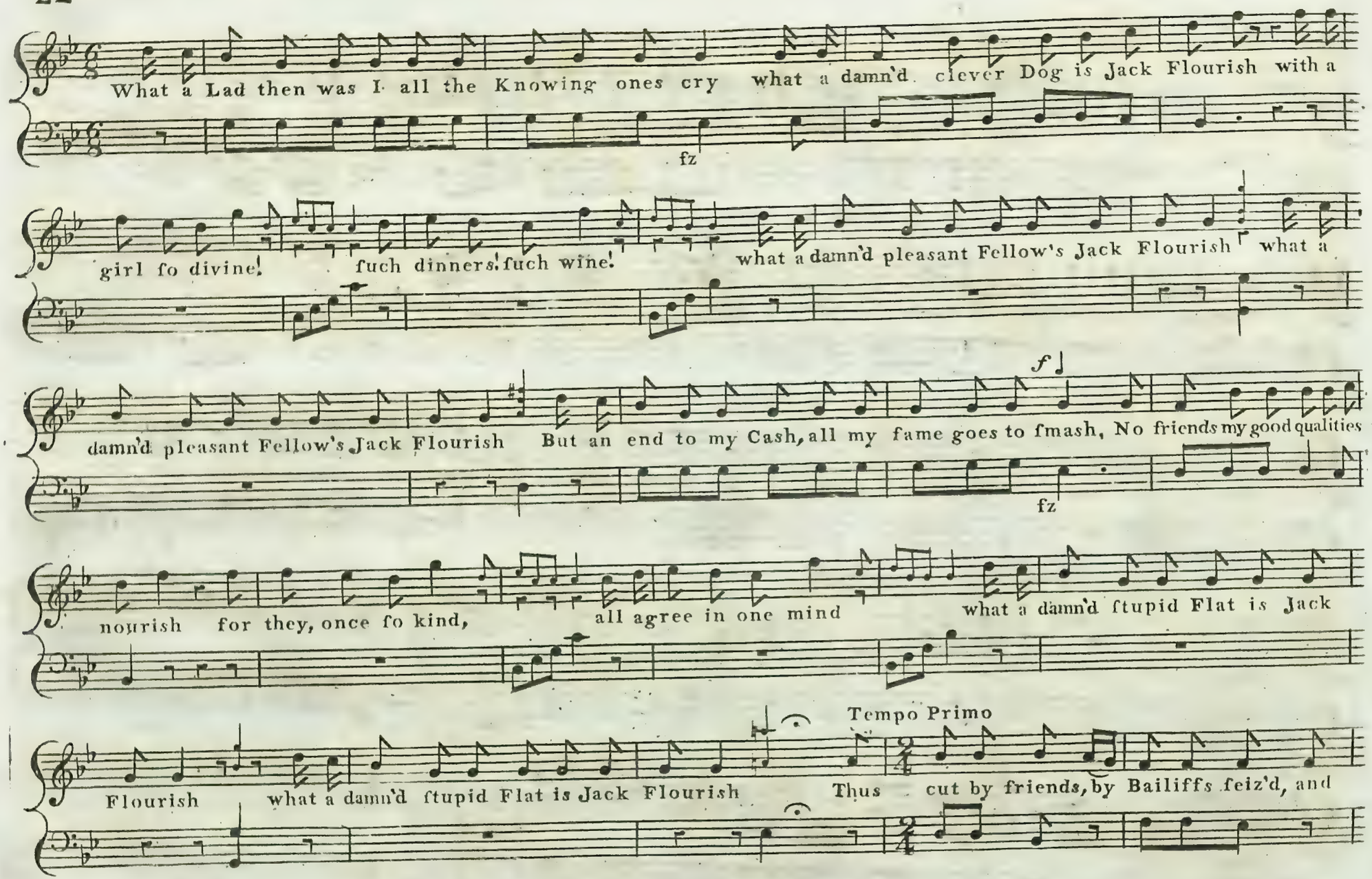
fz

Echo of her rattling wheels was there goes pretty Poll oh! pret-ty pret-ty pret-ty oh

pret-ty pret-ty Poll, From ev'-ry tongue the Ec-ho rung See there goes pretty Poll, pretty

pretty pretty Poll, there goes pretty pretty Poll.

V. S.


What a Lad then was I all the Knowing ones cry what a damn'd clever Dog is Jack Flourish with a
fz
girl ſo divine! ſuch dinners! ſuch wine! what a damn'd pleasant Fellow's Jack Flourish what a
damn'd pleasant Fellow's Jack Flourish But an end to my Cash, all my fame goes to ſmash, No friends my good qualities
f
fz
nourish for they, once ſo kind, all agree in one mind what a damn'd ſtupid Flat is Jack
Flourish what a damn'd ſtupid Flat is Jack Flourish Thus cut by friends, by Bailiffs ſeiz'd, and
Tempo Primo

this vile Limbo near Yet with one thought I ſtill was pleas'd that Poll wou'd be ſincere To Poll I told where

I must go and not to leave me fought her She laughing cried, Dear Jack, you know I cannot croſs the

water, Oh cruel, cruel, cruel, oh cruel, pretty Poll! She laughing cried, Dear Jack, you know I

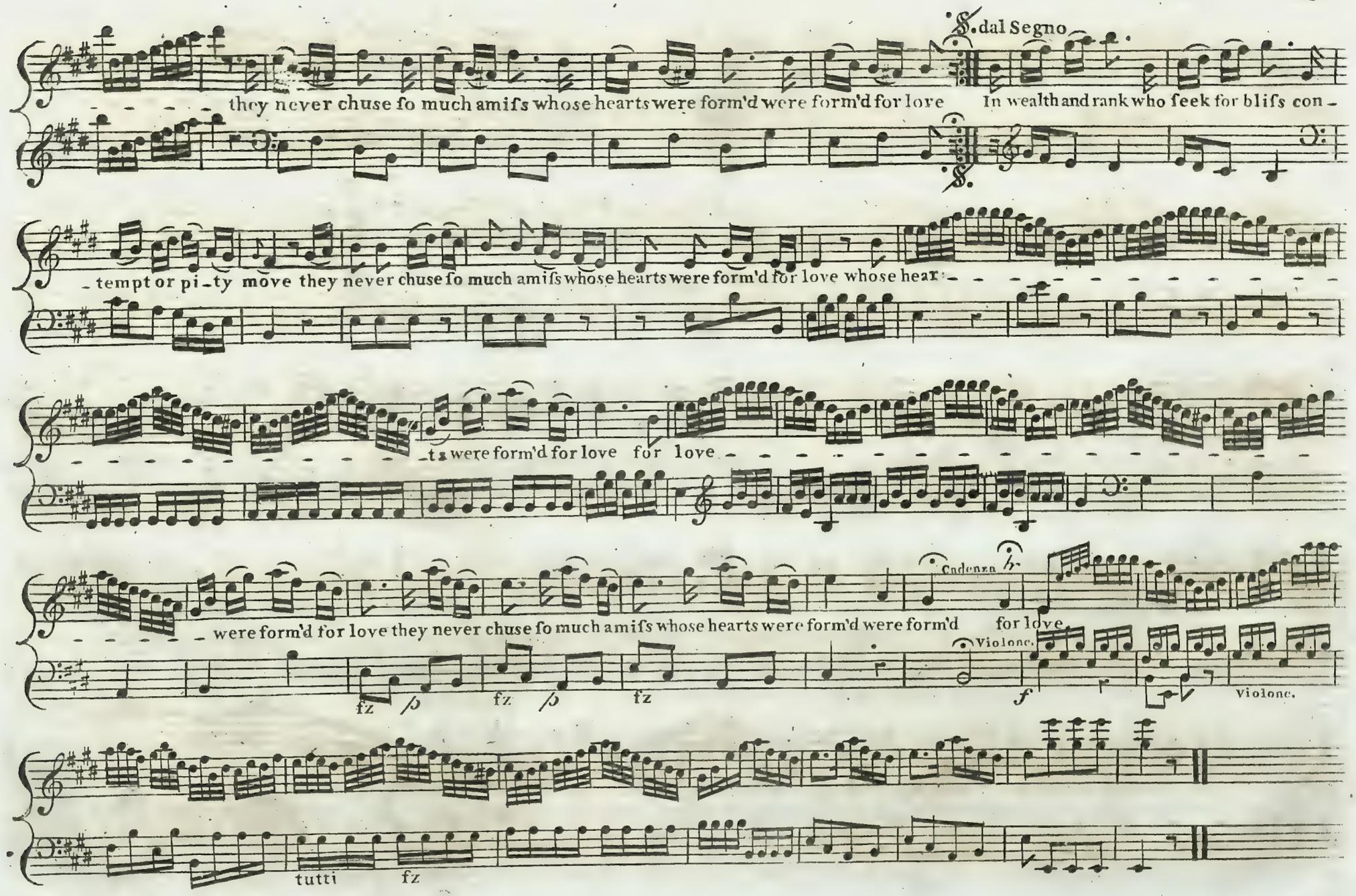
cannot croſs the water, I cannot croſs the water, I cannot croſs the water.

End of the first Act

Sung by Mrs. Second.

Andantino e Grazioso

Not mine the narrow Soul, absurd, In riches joy to find, Not mine by Title's glare allur'd to genuine merit blind. In wealth or rank who seek for bliss con-tempt or pi-ty move, They ne-ver chuse so much a-miss whose heart's were form'd for Love they never chuse so much a-miss whose hearts were form'd for Love - - - - - - were form'd for love - - - - - - - - - -


S. dal Segno
they never chuse so much amiss whose hearts were form'd were form'd for love
In wealth and rank who seek for bliss con-
-tempt or pi-ty move they never chuse so much amiss whose hearts were form'd for love whose hear-
-ts were form'd for love for love
Cadenza
were form'd for love they never chuse so much amiss whose hearts were form'd were form'd for love
Violonc.
fz
p
fz
p
fz
f
Violonc.
tutti
fz

Sung by Mr. Incledon and Mrs. Second

Allegretto

rf p rf p rf p rf p for

Miſs Hartley

Ah must you a_way while Nature so gay, and all things and all things to happineſs move, Hark the feather'd warblers throat, Pours of joy the swelling note, 'Tis inspir'd with the spirit of love, Hark the feather'd warblers throat, Pours of joy the swelling note, 'Tis inspir'd 'tis inspir'd with the spirit of love, tis inspir'd tis inspir'd with the spirit of

pia.

2d. Verse
Harcourt

love. Ah wert thou a_way 'twoud cease to be gay, Nor

longer nor longer to happineſs move, 'Tis thou art the Soul! giv'st life to the whole; 'tis thou art the Soul! giv'st

life to the whole, and in_fusest the spirit of love. Hark the bubbling Current near,

Soft_ly steals upon mine ear, And its gen_tle mur_murs prove, 'Tis inspir'd, 'tis inspir'd with the

spi_rit of love, 'tis inspir'd, tis inspir'd with the spirit of love.

Ah dear Youth wert thou a_ _way, No more wou'd Na_ _ture's face be gay,

Ah dear Girl wert thou a_ way, No more wou'd Nature's face be gay,

No more each sound wou'd sweet_ly prove, No more each sound wou'd sweet_ ly prove, 'Tis in_

No more each sound wou'd sweet_ly prove, No more each sound wou'd sweet_ly prove, 'Tis in_

spir'd by the spirit of love, 'tis inspir'd by the spirit of love Hark! Hark! the fea ther'd

_spir'd by the spirit of love, 'tis inspir'd by the spirit of love Hark! the feather'd warbler's throat, Pours of joy the

war - blers throat, 'tis in - spir'd with the spi - rit of love, Must you a - way while nature so gay seems in -

rapturous note, 'tis in - spir'd with the spi - rit of love, I must a - way while nature so gay seems in -

- spir'd with the spirit of love, Hark the feather'd warblers throat, Pours of joy the rapt' - rous note, 'tis in -

- spir'd with the spirit of love, Hark! Hark the rapt' - rous note, 'tis in -

f *p*

- spir'd with the spirit of love, 'tis inspir'd, 'tis in - spir'd with the spi - rit of love.

- spir'd with the spi - rit of love, 'tis inspir'd, 'tis in - spir'd with the spi - rit of love.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

Allegro con Spirito

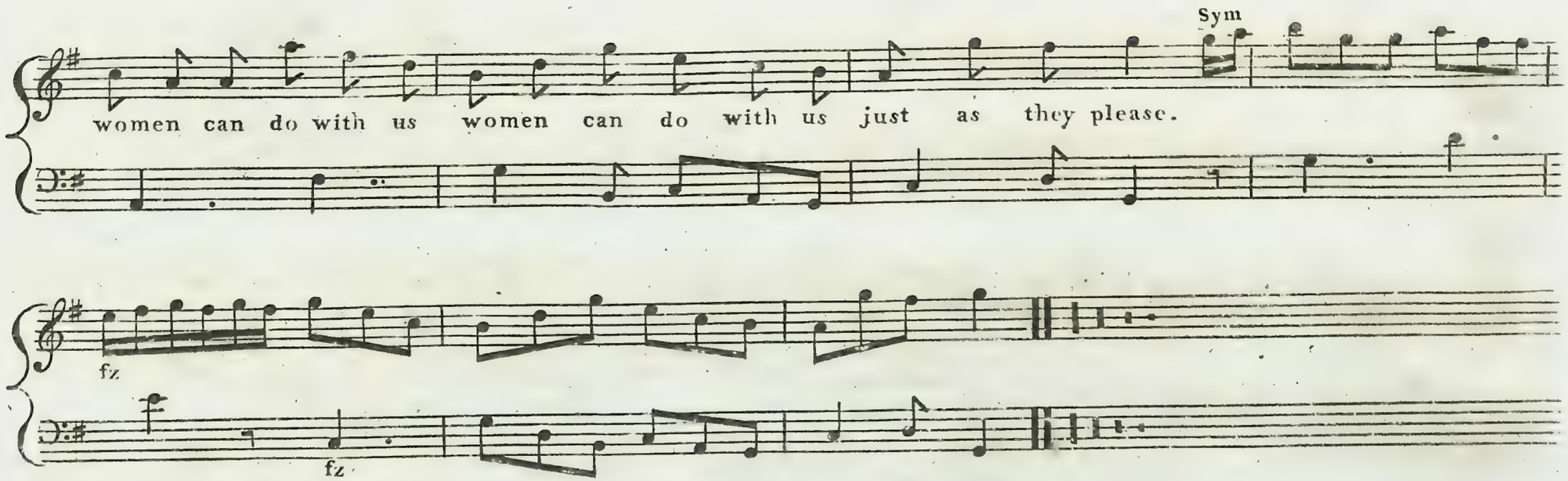
f fz

In the fmiles of the fair is the

Piz.

best cure for care, If ruffled our bo-som they charm it to ease, Or with eye fweetly glancing, Our

hearts they fet dancing, They calm us and rouse us e'en just as they please, For women can do with us



2

The wise prop of a State,
Or the warrior fo great,
Oft bows down to kifs beauty's rod on his knees;
'Tis the province of beauty,
To teach men their duty,
For women can do with us just what they please.

3

E'en the miser quits gold,
Their bright charms to behold,
And gives them his foul, for he yields them his keys;
The dear rogues are fo clever
Oh! blefs them for ever,
And may they rule over us just as they please.

DIALOGUE. Sung by Mr. Fawcet and Mr. Simmons.

Bold

Y. Flourish

Dickey Dickey I ſhall ſmartly dreſs you

Dickey.

Vy I'm ſmart enough Lord bleſs you

Flou: Dick.

No no, Vy ſo Vat am I to paſs for pray,

Flou:

For a man of rank I ſay,

Dick.

Vy then don't I hit it quite, For a man of rank you ſay, Sure I'm dreſt exactly right,

after viewing him. Flou:

Why really little Dickey

I must own, You're in the ſtile of men of Ton, really little Dickey I must own, You're in the ſtile of men of Ton;

Sy.

In ſide Boxes oft' we view men of Fortune dreſt like you, In ſide Boxes oft' you ſee men of Fashion

Dick.

Flou: Dick. Flou:

dreſs like me, Very true, just like you, But that will not with Daddy do, Vy ſo You must know Dad's a bit of the

Dick.

Old Beau; And thinks it most becoming when men of Fashion dreſs like Gentlemen, In ſide Boxes oft' you ſee

Flou:

men of Fashion drest like me, But Daddy thinks it most be - coming when men of Fashion dreſs like Gentlemen ſo

Dick. Flou: Dick. Flou: Dick.

Dickey you're a man of Fashion, That I am and am a flash one, Fashion, Flash one, Fashion, Flash one,

Sy.

little Dickey now's a man of Fashion.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr

RONDEAU

Allegretto e Scherzando

What a hard lot is ours, in-deed and indeed, 'Tis a terri-ble life that we poor Servants lead, Up car-ly and late, To toil and to wait, To do as one's bid, Yet for ever be chid, Ill humours to bear, And yet not to dare Tho' with anger we burn, To be spiteful and crofs in re-turn; What a hard lot is ours indeed and in-deed, 'Tis a ter-ri-ble life that we poor Servants lead.

fz

To be ſure when one happens a Service to get in, Where to aid Madam's frolics her Secrets we're let in, Why then, I must own of our

blabbing afraid, The Maid is the Miſtreſs, the Miſtreſs the Maid, They coax one ſo pretty, 'Tis dear Miſtreſs Kitty, You're ſo

kind and ſo clever, I'll love you for ever, Our wages they double, Yet give us no trouble, And while they're ſo civil,

We're as ſaucy and as pert as the devil What a hard lot is theirs then indeed and in-

deed 'tis a terrible life our poor Miſtreſses lead.

MINORE

But the times are fo alter'd these Places are rare now, For who knows their intrigues there are few Ladies care now, A faux-pas to conceal they will

use little labour, Whilst each Lady's in countenance kept by her neighbour, Their Spouses fo kind too, Such foibles are blind to, Nay fome will as-

-sume our vocation, If a go-between's needed, We're pafs'd by un-heeded, The Husband takes our occu-pation.

MAJORE

f

What a ftrange lot is theirs, indeed and indeed, 'Tis a whimsical life that fome Husbands do lead. 'Tis a whimsical life that fome

fz fz fz

ff

poor Husbands lead. 'Tis a whimsical life that fome Husbands do lead.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

Allegretto e Scherzando

Old Testy

Woman now by grace and feature, Sighs and vows will not be caught If you'd have the pretty creature the pretty creature

must be bought You may fwear you may tear you may cry you may lie

f

you may kneel you may feel you may feel all the pangs that from love's raging fervours a-

cres il f

espreſs.vo

-rise, And proclaim her an Angel dropt down from the ſkies, and proclaim her an Angel dropt down from the ſkies.

espreſs.vo

Sym.

All.o

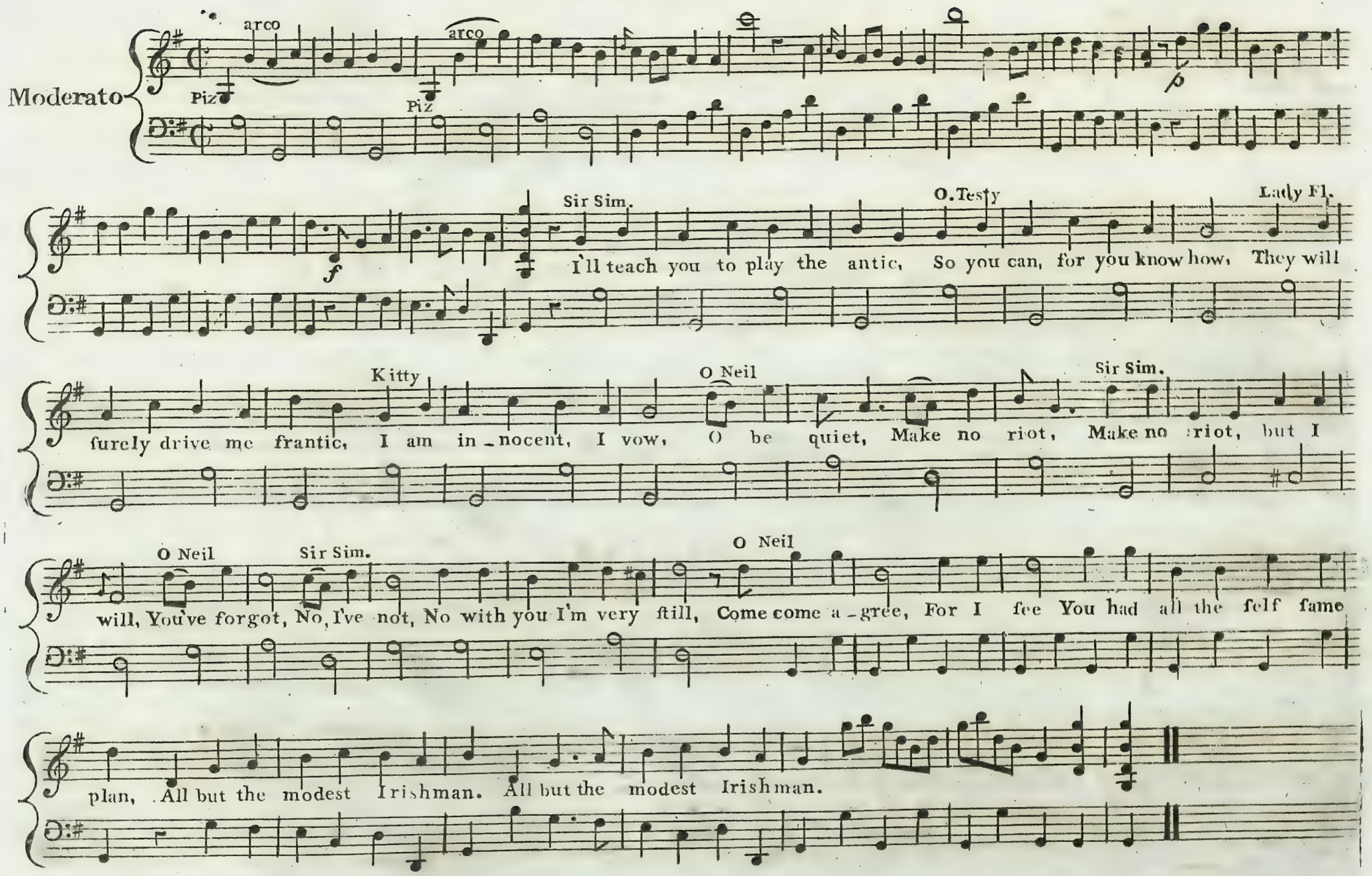
No pity ſhe ſhows to your budget of woes,

Sym.

She fcoffs at your tears and de - rides all your pain, And e'en darling flatt'ry afsails her in vain, Who then finds the way, his addrefses to pay, In a ftile which this whimsical creature can fix, who then finds the way, his ad- - drefses to pay, In a ftile which this whimsical creature can fix, He who drives to her door in a Chariot and four, who drives to her door in a Chariot and four, Or old Nick himself in a fine Coach and Six, who drives to her door in a Chariot and four or old Nick himself in a fine Coach and Six.

Sym. Sym. Sym. f.

FINALE


Moderato
arco
Piz
arco
Piz
p
f
Sir Sim.
I'll teach you to play the antic, So you can, for you know how, They will
O.Testy
Lady Fl.
Kitty
furely drive me frantic, I am in_nocent, I vow,
O Neil
O be quiet, Make no riot, Make no riot, but I
Sir Sim.
O Neil
will, You've forgot, No, I've not, No with you I'm very ſtill,
Sir Sim.
Come come a_gree, For I ſee You had all the ſelf ſame
O Neil
plan, All but the modest Irishman. All but the modest Irishman.

2d. Stanza

Sir Simon — For no good he came tis certain, I know nothing why he came,
Lady Fl. — Why went you behind the curtain,
O. Testy — Oh Sir Simon blush for
Lady Fl. — shame,
O. Testy — Oh the curtain,
Lady Fl. — Pretty flirting,
Sir Si. — True my tender darling wife,
Lady Fl. — Constant dove, Faithful love, Psha leave off this foolish strife,
Alternately — For you had all the self same plan, you had all the self same plan, But me and the modest Irish man, but me and the modest Irish man.

Sym.

3d. Stanza

Kitty — Ma'am for-give me, That I'll never,
Lady Fl. — Don't for-get, your freaks are known,
Kitty — Character you've lost for ever,
Lady Fl. — Pray my Lady where's your own,
Lady Fl. — I don't heed it, Servants need it, Ladies do as well with-out,
O Neil — Come give o'er, Talk no more,
Lady Fl. & Kitty. — Why keep up this foolish rout, When you had all the self same plan, you had all the self same plan, But me and the modest Irish man, But me and the modest Irish man.

Sym.

Lady Fl. & Kitty. — Suspicions certainly appear, But I am in my conscience clear, And therefore nothing have to fear,
Sir Si. & O Neil. — Suspicions

Allegro

Old Testy — Kitty

certainly appear But I am in my conscience clear And therefore nothing have to fear For you had all the felf fame plan All but the

Sir Sim. — Old Testy — Lady Fl. — Kitty

modest Irishman You had all the felf fame plan But me but me You had all the felf fame plan Suspicions cer - tain - - ly ap -

Recit.

Old Testy — tutti

-pear But I am in my conscience clear And therefore nothing have to fear 'Tis quite shocking You're but mocking You to innocence pre

alternately

-tend You're found out Past a doubt Cease your folly to defend For you had all the felf fame plan For you had all the felf fame plan But me and the

modest Irishman But me and the modest the modest modest Irishman.

End of the Second Act

ACT III DUETTO Sung by Mr. Incledon and Mrs. Second

Andante e Grazioso

Harcourt

Tell me my love woud'st thou forego de_lights which on_ly lovers know

Miſs Hartley

Tell me my love woud'st thou forego de_lights which on_ly lovers know To heal at once the poignant ſmart that ſtill must rack the anxious heart Trembling lest all its ſcheme of joy

Viola

To heal at once the poignant ſmart that ſtill must rack the anxious heart

Trembling lest all its ſcheme of joy Fortune for e-ver Fortune for e-ver Fortune for e-ver ſhou'd destroy,

Trembling lest all its ſcheme of joy Fortune for e-ver Fortune for e-ver Fortune for e-ver ſhou'd destroy,

Fortune for e - - - ver ſhou'd destroy.

Allegretto

Ah no no no Ah no no no no the

Fortune for e - - - ver ſhou'd destroy.

Ah no no no the

throbbing of delight Which in each pulse proclaims thy ſight. which in each pulse proclaims thy ſight. The

Sym

throbbing of delight Ah no no no no no Ah no no no no the throbbing of de-light.

Sym

bounding heart's tumultuous bea - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - t, Swelling its kindred heart to meet

The bounding heart's tumultuous bea - - - - - t, Swelling its kindred

Are joys for which all pain I'd prove and never ne - - ver cease to love, The

heart to meet Are joys are joys for which all pain I'd

bound - ing hearts tu - mul - - tuous beat fwell - ing its kindred heart to meet are joys for which all

prove The bounding hearts tu - mul - - tuous beat fwell - ing its kin - dred heart to meet are

pain I'd prove and never cease to love, and never never cease to love

joys for which all pain I'd prove and never never never cease to love, The bounding

tumul_tuous beat tumultuous beat Swelling its

heart's the bounding heart's Swelling its

ad lib.m

kindred heart to meet Swelling its kindred heart to meet The

kindred heart to meet Swelling its kindred heart to meet

bounding heart's tu_multuous beat Swelling its kindred heart to meet Are joys for which all pain I'd prove And

The bounding heart's tumultuous beat. Swelling its kindred heart to meet Are joys for which all

2d Vio

never cease to love and never never cease to love and never cease - - - - - to - -

pain I'd prove And never never never cease to love and never cease - - - - - to - -

- - - love.

- - - love.

dim

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

Accompanied on the Trumpet by Mr. Sarjeant.

Bold.

Trumpets

Violoncello

Violins

Tutti

Thy glo - ry in War let them proudly pro - claim, Who mistake Discords Pipe for the Trumpet of Fame - - - - - - - - - - - Thy glory in War let them proudly proclaim, Who mistake Discords Pipe for the Trumpet of Fame, And give Slaughter, give

Slaughter the mead of renown, give Slaughter the mead of re - nown, - - who give Slaughter the mead of re - nown;

'Tis Britain thy praise, the Sword ne'er to raise In Ravage and

Plunder's fell cause, But to guard sacred Honour's pure laws. And the pride of the Base to bring down,

But to guard sacred Honour's pure laws, And the pride of the Base to bring down, - - - - - - - - -

the pride of the Base to bring down.

Volti Subito

fz

Con molto espreſsione

Still o'er the fall'n Foe let Pi _ ty's tear flow, Not sound

Oboes legati

forth the tri _ umph of Blood. - - - - -

Con Spirito

No

Bri _ tain thou art great and good, Let this let this thy glo - - ry be - - - -

Violoncelli

Violins

- - - - - - - - - - - -

This let ad _

- - mi _ ring Nations see, This let ad _ mi _ ring Na _ tions see, Britain? Britain thou art

great and good, Let this thy glo - - - - - - ry be, This let ad - mi - ring Na - tions

Espressivo

see, This let ad - mi - ring Nations see that with thee dwells sweet Hu - mani - ty,

Violins

f

sweet Hu - mani - ty, sweet Hu - mani - ty, This let ad - mi - ring Na - tions see, This let ad -

f

ad libitum.

- - mi - ring Na - tions see, that with thee dwells sweet Hu - ma - ni - ty.

ff mo

Tempo primo

3 3 3 3

Sung by Mrs. Second

This is the celebrated Air
Sung by Sigra. Banti in Alceste.

Andantino

Come ſmiling Hope dis-
-pel each chilling fear, And with thy glowing beams my bosom my bosom cheer, And with thy glowing beams my bo-
Adagio
Sym
---som cheer. On future bleſsings dart thy vivid ray, Chasing the low'ring
clouds of doubt a-way To bright perspective ſtill ſtill di-rect my eye And cast and cast in
ſhade- The blighted ob-jects nigh.

Quartetto. Sung by Bowden and Followers

Violins

Bold

Treble

Counter Tenor

Tenor

1st Follower

Jemmy Chi - mer the

Bluff

Bafs

Jem - my Chi - mer the Rhymer, from his Garret high I haul'd, By Sir Thun - der O'

Violoncelli e Contra Bafso

2d Follower.

Jem - my Chi - - mer the Rhy - - mer from

Rhy - - mer from Gar - ret high I haul'd, By Sir Thun - - der O' Blun - - der I

Blun - - der I cur - sed - ly was maul'd, For young Stake - hall of Rake - hall I was

3d Follower.

Jemmy Chi - - mer the Rhy - - mer from Gar - ret I have

his Gar - ret I haul'd, By Sir Thun - - der O' Blun - - der I cur - sed - ly was

cur - sed - ly was maul'd, For young Stake - hall of Rake - - hall I was sent up - on the

sent up - on the scout, So I sought him and caught him at La - dy Plun - der's

haul'd, Jemmy Chi - mer the Rhy - mer from Gar - ret high we've haul'd, By Sir Thun - der O'

maul'd, Jemmy Chi - mer the Rhy - mer from Gar - ret high we've haul'd, By Sir Thun - der O'

scout, Jemmy Chi - mer the Rhy - mer from Gar - ret high we've haul'd, By Sir Thun - der O'

rout, Jemmy Chi - mer the Rhy - mer from Gar - ret high we've haul'd, By Sir Thun - der O'

Blun - der we've cur - sed - ly been maul'd, For young Stake - all of Rake - hall we were sent up - on the

Blun - der we've cur - sed - ly been maul'd, For young Stake - all of Rake - hall we were sent up - on the

Blun - der we've cur - sed - ly been maul'd, For young Stake - all of Rake - hall we were sent up - on the

Blun - der we've cur - sed - ly been maul'd, For young Stake - all of Rake - hall we were sent up - on the

scout, So we sought him, and caught him at La - dy Plun - der's Rout.

scout, So we sought him, and caught him at La - dy Plun - der's Rout.

scout, So we sought him, and caught him at La - dy Plun - der's Rout.

scout, So we sought him, and caught him at La - dy Plun - der's Rout.

Violins

1st and 2d Voices

3d and 4th Voices.

Allegro

Blefsings on those Gaming Houses.

Blefsings on those Gaming Houses.

At the thought our Spi - rit rouses, They al - lure the Flats to

At the thought our Spi - rit rouses, They al - lure the Flats to

3rd Voice unis with the First Voice

ru - in, They're the cause of our well do - ing, Charming Fa - ro! Game so

fia.

ru - in, They're the cause of our well do - ing, Charming Fa - ro! Game so

fia.

rare O, Fleece a - way ye Dames of stile, Fill your Purses spite of cur - ses Bai - liffs

for:

rare O, Fleece a - way ye Dames of stile, Fill your Purses spite of cur - ses Bai - liffs

for:

bleſs you all the while. Char - ming char - - - - ming, charming, char - - - - - ming charming.

bleſs you all the while. Char ming, char - - - - - - - - - charming ming

2do

Fa - ro! Game so rare O, Fleece a - way ye Dames of stile;

char - - - - - - - ming, Fleece a - way ye Dames of stile; I've a Writ for Col' - nel

Bravo! nab 'em! nab 'em! I'll look out for Bil - ly Lend - all, I'll look

Spendall, And here's one for Doc - tor Endall, Bravo! Bravo!

out for Bil - ly Lend - all Bravo! nab'em! hold 'em tight! mer - ry mer - ry mer - ry mer - ry

nab'em, nab'em, Bra - vo! nab 'em! hold'em tight! merry

merry. Mer - - ry then we'll be at

merry merry merry merry merry merry merry. Mer - - ry then we'll be at

unis

pia.

night, this will yield a jovial quaff, To us Of_ficers o' th' Staff, Bra_vo, bra_vo! hold 'em

night, this will yield a jovial quaff, To us Of_ficers o' th' Staff, Bra_vo, bra_vo! hold 'em

for.

Cres.

tight, merry merry then we'll be at night, this will yield a jovial quaff, To us Of_fi_cers o' th'

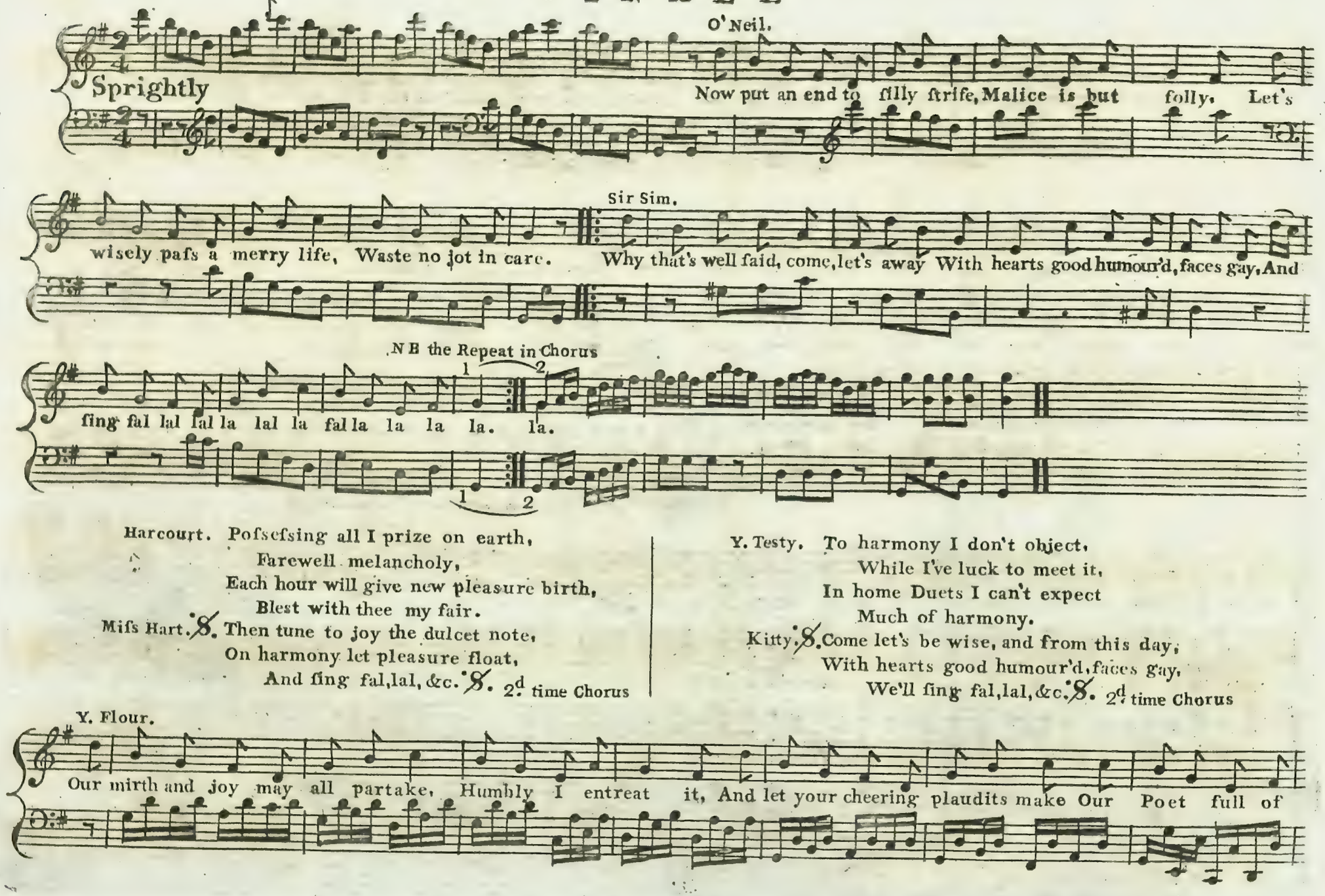
tight, mer_ry then we'll be at night, this will yield a jovial quaff, To us Of_fi_cers o' th'

Viol 2°.

Staff to us Of_ficers o' the Staff.

Staff to us Of_ficers o' the Staff.

FINALE


O'Neil.
Sprightly
Now put an end to silly strife, Malice is but folly. Let's
wisely pass a merry life, Waste no jot in care.
Sir Sim.
Why that's well said, come, let's away With hearts good humour'd, faces gay, And
NB the Repeat in Chorus
sing fal lal lal la lal la fal la la la la. la.
Harcourt. Possessing all I prize on earth,
Farewell melancholy,
Each hour will give new pleasure birth,
Blest with thee my fair.
Miss Hart. Then tune to joy the dulcet note,
On harmony let pleasure float,
And sing fal, lal, &c. 2d time Chorus
Y. Testy. To harmony I don't object,
While I've luck to meet it,
In home Duets I can't expect
Much of harmony.
Kitty. Come let's be wise, and from this day,
With hearts good humour'd, faces gay,
We'll sing fal, lal, &c. 2d time Chorus
Y. Flour.
Our mirth and joy may all partake, Humbly I entreat it, And let your cheering plaudits make Our Poet full of

glee Then tune to joy the dulcet note On harmony let pleasure float And sing fal lal lal lal la la fal la la la

la Then tune to joy the dul - cet note On har - mo - ny let pleasure float and sing fa la la la la la

tenute

Then tune to joy the dul - cet note On har - mo - ny let pleasure float and sing fa la la

tenute

Then tune to joy the dulcet note On harmony let pleasure float - - - - - - - - - let pleasure float and

tenute

Then tune to joy the dulcet note let pleasure float

la la la la la la fa la la la la la la la la fa la la la la.

la la la la la fa la la la la la la.

sing fa la la la la la fa la la la la la la la la fa la la la la la la.

fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

FINIS.

The SONGS in the DEAF LOVER,

As Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,

Composed by

W. SHIELD,

Price s. 1. d. 6.

London, Printed for Wm. Napier, No. 474, Strand:

1793

H160/2
COMP 1524

SONG I

Sung by Mrs Wilfon

Flauti

Viol. 2d

Voce e Cembalo

Moderato

Viola

p

Be_lieve me, Sir, you'll find me true, as a___ny Girl you e___ver knew, I know no art, to

hide my heart, to hide to hide my heart, And ſince with Flowers firſt I ſtood to young or old I never fold, to

f p

Engraved by John Shield

young or old I never fold two faces under a hood, two faces under a hood two faces under a

hood under a hood under a hood two faces under a hood.

unis

'Tis true I dreſs in ſimple Gown
And never ſaw the flaunting Town
Where Ladies ſhine
In Silks ſo fine
In Silks in Silks ſo fine
Yet ſtill I think myſelf as good
As toaſted Belle } twice
Whilſt I ne'er fell }
Two faces under a Hood &c.

SONG II

Sung by Mrs Wilson

Flauti

Viol. 2d

unis

Andante Staccato

Voce e Cembalo

p

What! what! re...fuſe me a kiſs ſure I ſhall die ſhall

p

die with Grief, to be robb'd of ſuch bliſs, what can bring me relief, one, kiſs one kiſs, cruel Man, one kiſs one kiſs

f

what! deny me de...ny me again, what! deny me de...ny me again?

f

Largo

Affecting Grief

Viola

Then I'll go where the willows ſo green grows, and tremblingly droops o'er the brook, there to each gentle Zephir that

Largo

Allegro

by blows, my Sighs ſhall tell I'm forſook. But why ſhould I, if man diſdain to heal this hapleſs boſom's pain com-

Allegro

p

f *f*

-pleat the tyrant's triumph quite and fooliſh maiden die for ſpite, for ſpite for ſpite for ſpite and die and die for ſpite?

Volti Subito *f*

sf

f

p

f

f

f

p

mez f

No, no, I'll go, no no I'll go, and ſince a falſs one you do prove, a falſe one you do prove------

f

f

p

mez f

f

I'll die of a---ny thing but Love, I'll die of a---ny

f

f p

f p

f p

p

Adlib.

thing but Love, I'll die I'll die of a....ny thing but Love,..... of a....ny thing but Love I'll

f

f

die of a.....ny thing but Love.

f

Fine

THE FARMER

A

Comic Opera

performed with great applause at the

Theatre Royal Covent Garden

Selected & Composed by

Wm. SHIELD

The Words by J. O'Keefe Esq.r

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OVERTURE

Allegro

Spiritoso

pia

for

tr

pia

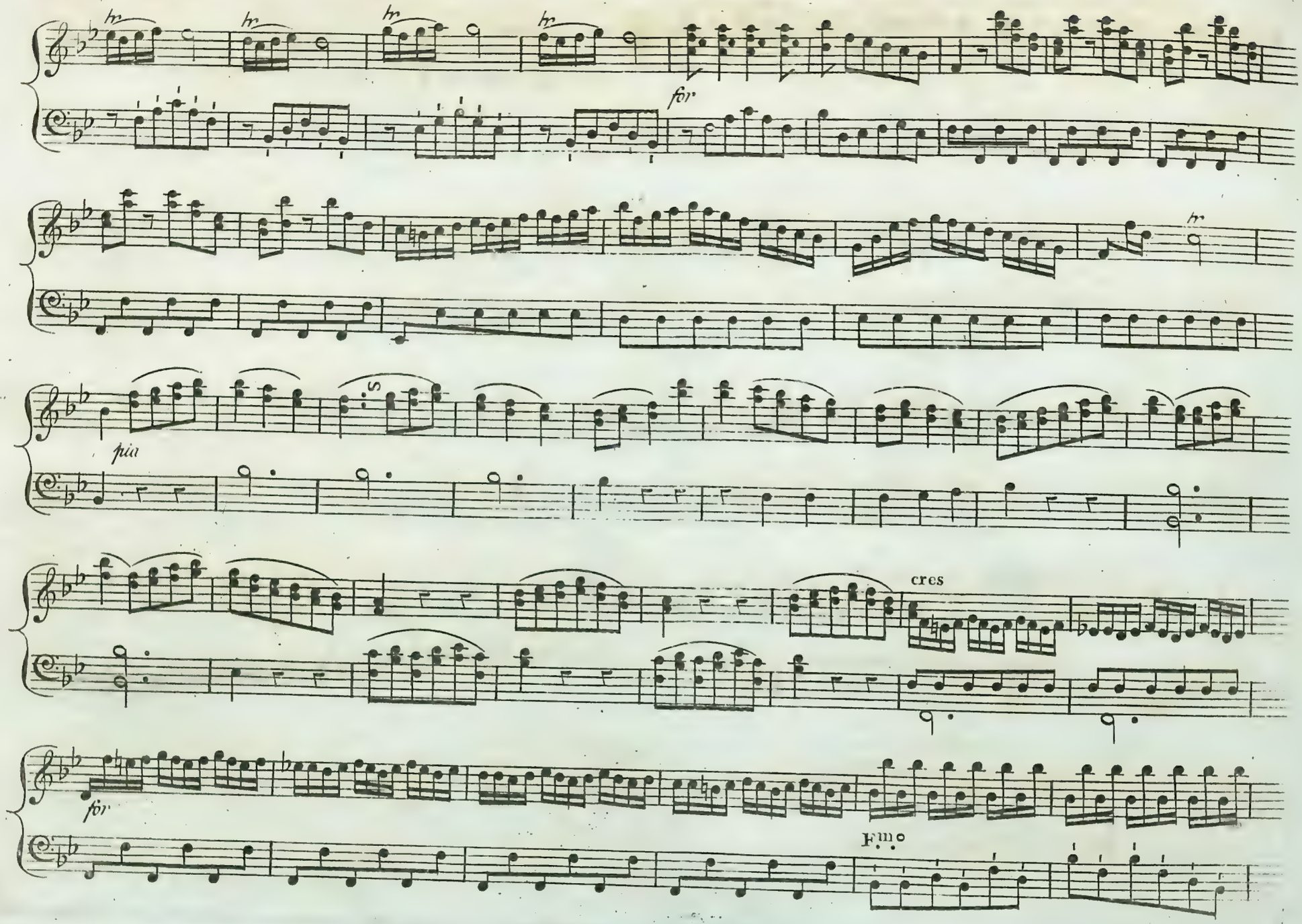
cres

for

tr

tr

pia.


tr
tr
tr
tr
for
tr
pia
cres
for
F.mo

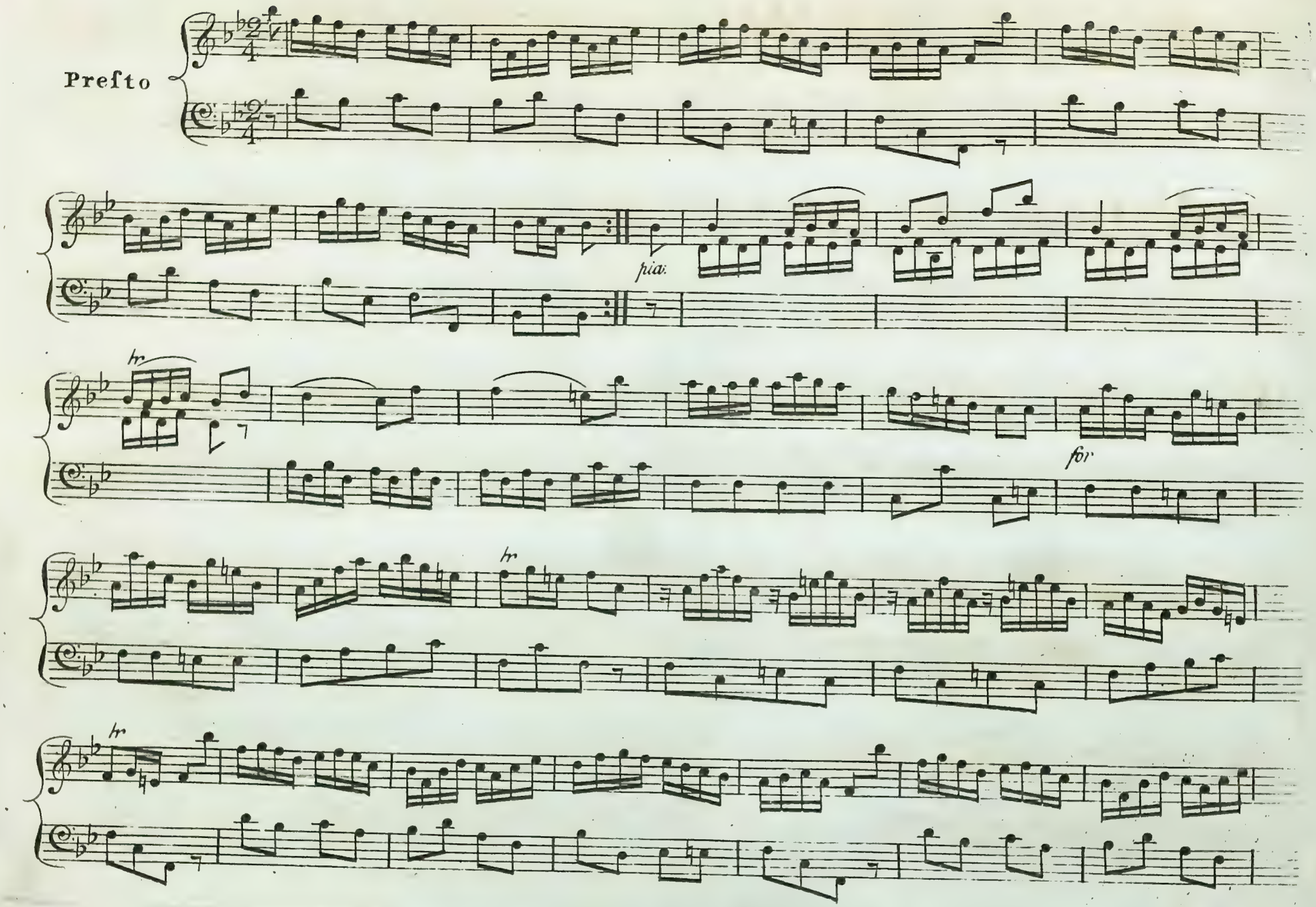
pia

fr

for

pmo

V. S.


Presto
pia:
hr
for
hr
hr

tr

pia

tr

tr

tr

for

Sung by Mr. Johnſtone.

Moderato

Piz:

Violin

Viola

obee

Voce

Charming Village Maid. If thou wilt be mine In Gold and Pearls ar-- ray'd. all my wealth is

Baſſo

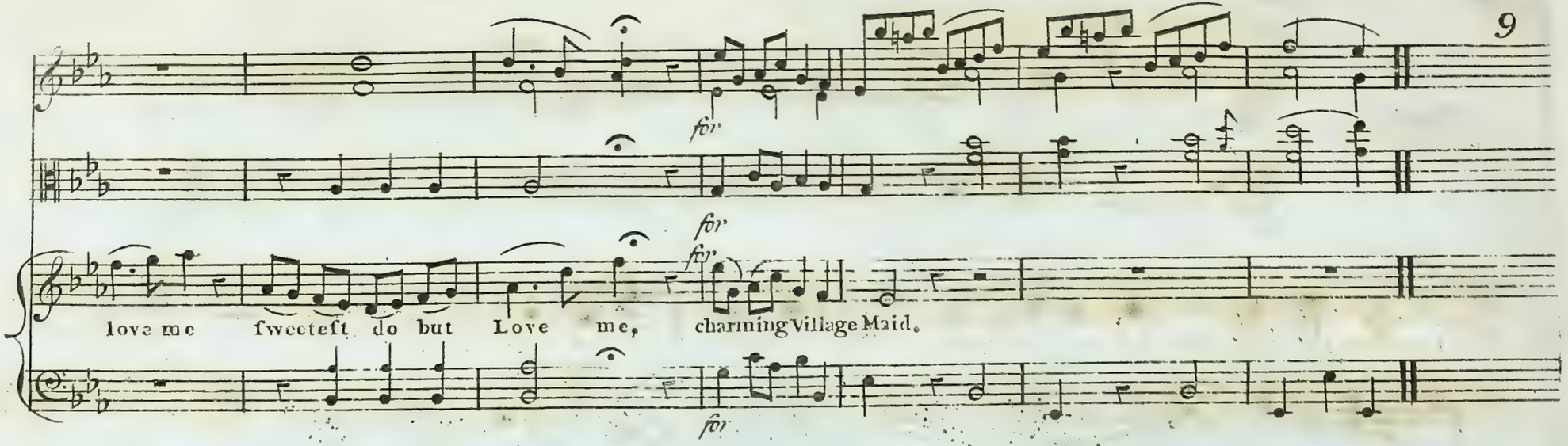
Piz:

col arco

thine-- If not en joy'd with thee E'en nature beauties fade

eſpreſſ.o

ſweeteſt do but love me.



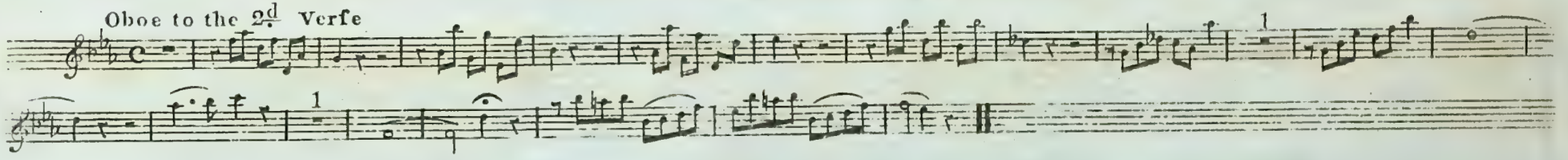
2

Had I yon Shepherd's care
Your Lambs to feed and fold
The Dog-Starr's heat I'd bear
And Winters peircing cold
Well pleaſ'd I'd toil for thee
At Harrow Frail or Spade.
Sweeteſt &c.

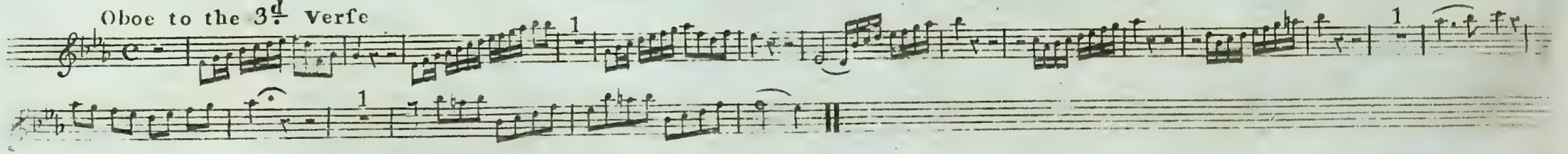
3

This morn at early dawn
I had a Hedge-Roſe wild
Its ſweets perfum'd the morn
'Twas ſportive Nature's Child
My lovely fair for thee
Tranſplanted from the glade
Sweeteſt do but love me
Charming Village Maid.

Oboe to the 2d Verſe



Oboe to the 3d Verſe



Sung by Mr. Darley

Siciliana

Farmer 11 Blank

'Ere a--

round the huge Oak that o'er ſhadows my Mill the fond I-vy had dare'd to en- twine-- 'ere the

pia

Church was a ru-- in that nods on the Hill, or the Rook built his Neſt on the Pine, or the

Rook built his Neſt on the Pine.

m.F. dim.do

Could I trace back the time, a far diſtant date,
Since my Forefathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honor's Eſtate,
Is the ſame that my Grandfather till'd.

2

He, dying, bequeath'd to his Son a good name,
Which unſullied deſcended to me;
For my child I've preſerv'd it, unblemiſh'd with ſhame,
And it ſtill from a ſpot ſhall be free.

Sung by Mr. Johnſtone

Allegro

Baſsoon

Flutes

fr

fr

Valentine

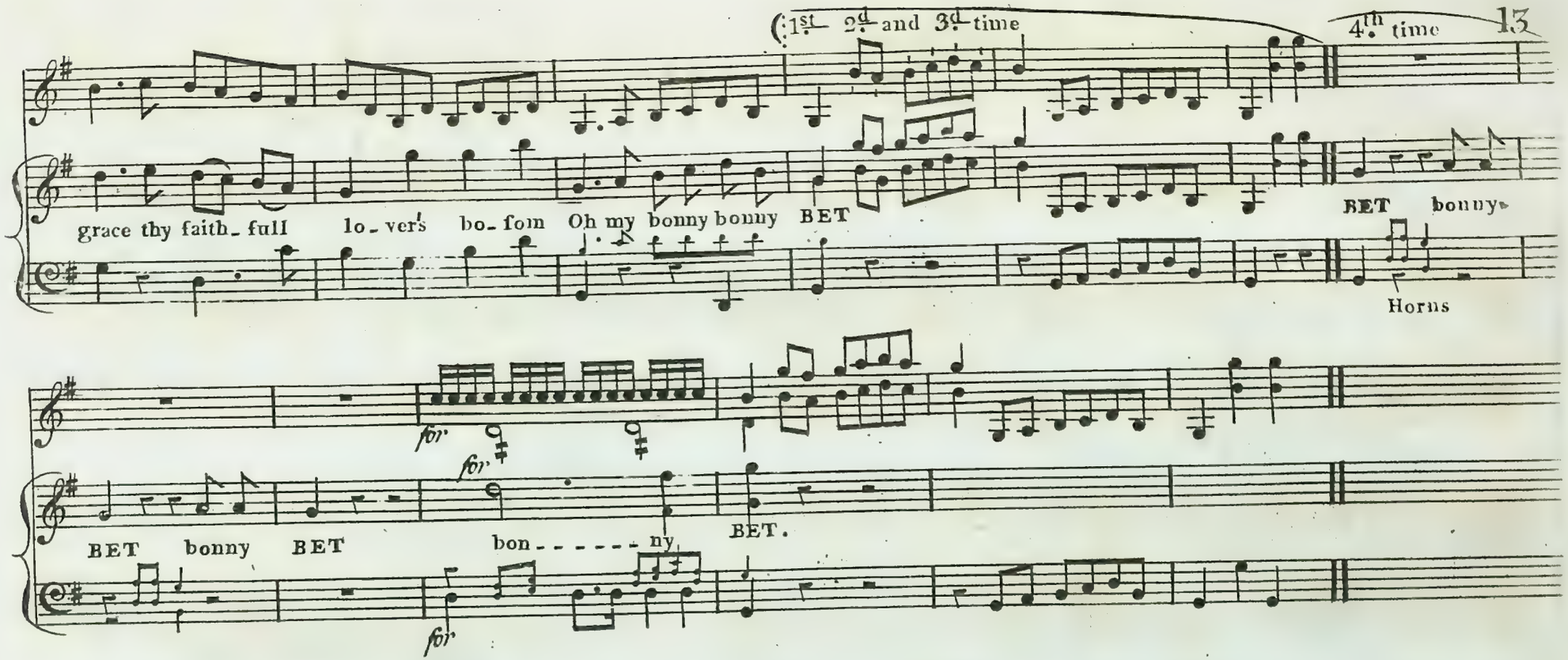
No more I'll Court the Town bred fair who ſhines in ar - ti - - fi - cial beauty For na - tive charms with

out compare claim all my love re - - ſpect and du - ty Oh, my bonny bonny BET ſweet Bloſsom Oh my bonny bonny

Flute

Piz.

BET ſweet bloſsom was I a King ſo proud to wear thee from off the Ver - dant Couch I'd bear thee to



2

Yet aſk me where thoſe beauties lie,
I cannot ſay in ſmile or dimple;
In blooming cheek or radiant eye,
'Tis happy nature wild and ſimple.
Oh, my bonny BET &c.

3

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And ſigh in numbers trite and common;
Ye Gods! one darling wiſh be mine,
And all I aſk is lovely Woman.
O my bonny BET &c.

4

Come, dereſt girl, the roſy bowl,
Like thy bright eye with pleaſure dancing;
My heaven art thou, ſo take my ſoul,
With rapture ev'ry ſenſe entrancing.
Oh my bonny BET &c.

Sung by Mrs Mattocks.

Allegretto

hr

oboes

tutti

f.f.

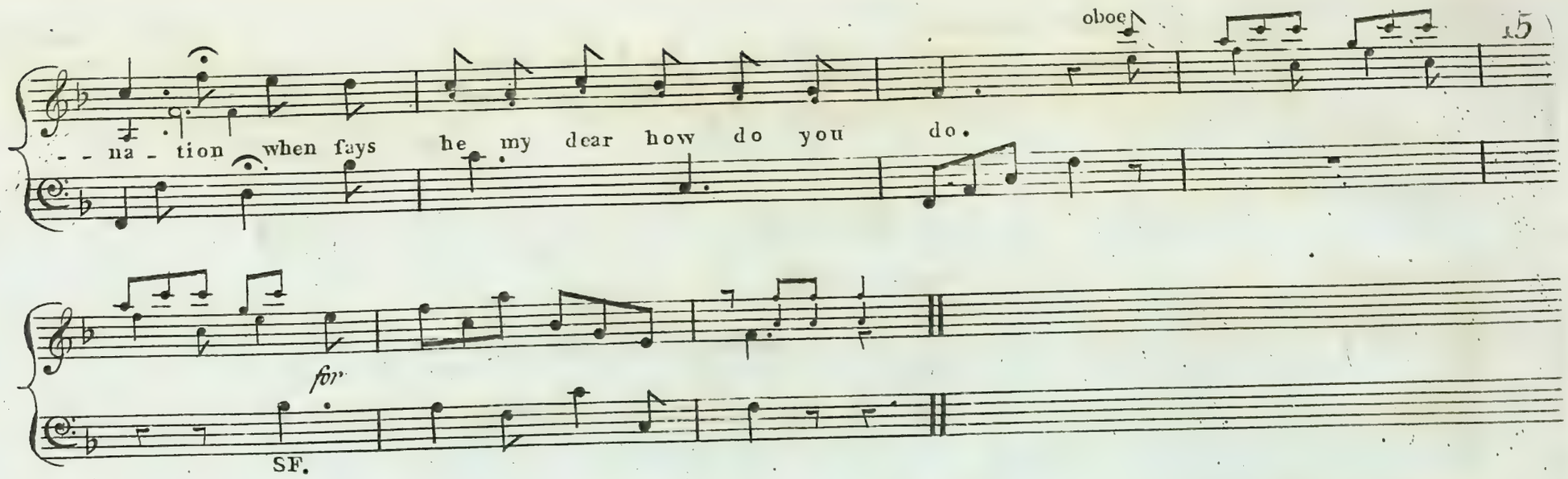
To hear a fweet gold-finches Son--net This

morn--ing I put on my bon--net but fcarce in the Mea--dow pies on it when the

Cap--tain ap--pears in my view. I felt an odd fort of fen--

sf

fa--tion my heart beat a ftrange pal-pi--ta--tion I bluſh'd like a pink of car---

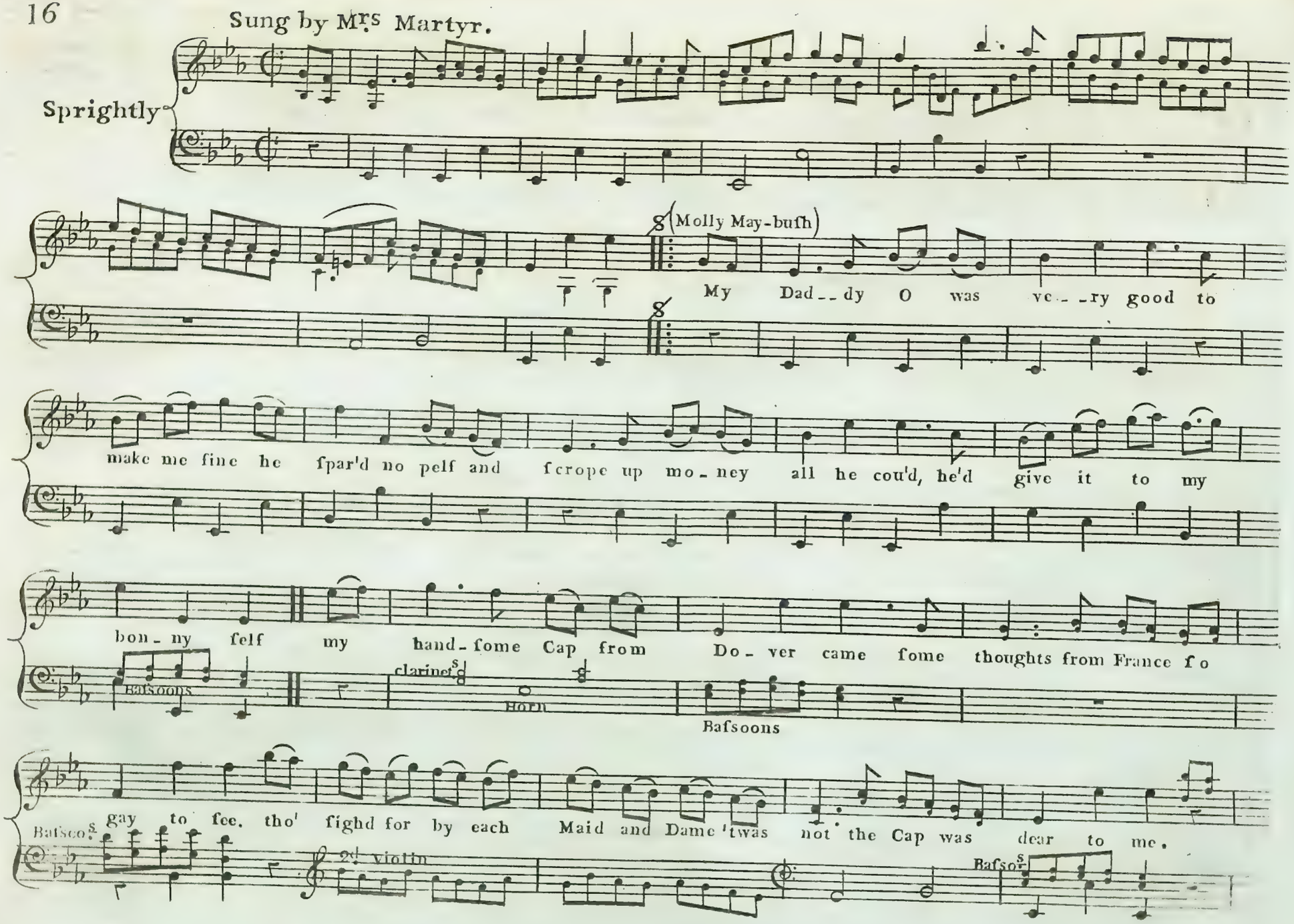


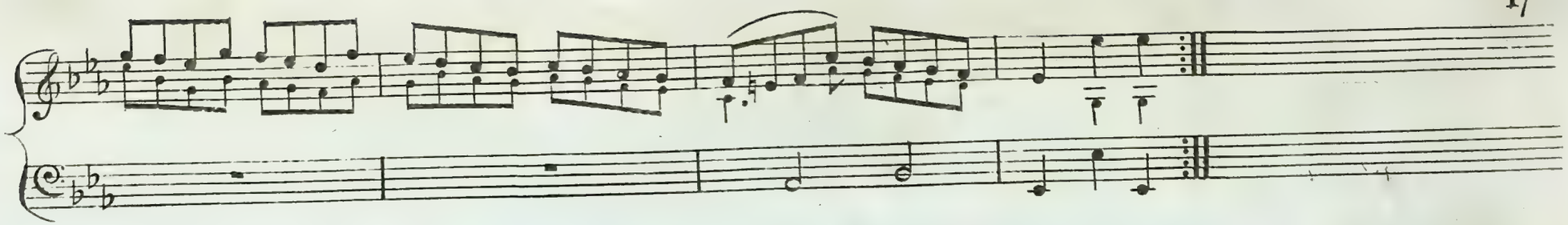
2

The dickins, fays I, here has popp'd him,
I thought to flip by, but I ftopp'd him,
So my very beft curtfy I dropt him;
With an air then he took off his hat;
He feem'd with my perfon enchanted
He fqueez'd my hand, how my heart panted!
He afk'd for a kifs, and I granted,
And, pray now, what harm was in that?

3

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me?
He fwore a fine Lady he'd make me,
No, damn him! he'd never forfake me,
And then on his knee he flopp'd down;
His handkerchief, la! fmelt fo fweetly,
His white teeth he fhew'd fo compleatly,
He manag'd the matter fo neatly
I ne'er can be kifs'd by a clown.


Sung by Mrs Martyr.
Sprightly
(Molly May-bush)
My Dad__dy O was ve__ry good to
make me fine he fpar'd no pelf and fcrope up mo_ney all he cou'd, he'd give it to my
bon_ny felf my hand_fome Cap from Do_ver came fome thoughts from France fo
Bafsoons
clarinet
Horn
Bafsoons
gay to fee, tho' fighd for by each Maid and Dame 'twas not the Cap was dear to me.
Bafsoons
2d violin
Bafsoons



2

Blythe Johnny O, upon his mare,
Adown the dell his horn rang ſweet,
To me preſented puſs the hare,
That o'er the wild thyme ran ſo fleet.

3

Tho' Ned a noſegay for my breaſt
Had brought, no flower more ſweet than he,
And warbling Will a linnet's neſt,
Nor flow'rs nor birds were dear to me.

4

So ſoftly on to yonder grove,
The moon ſo kind the while did blink,
I ſtole to meet my own true love,
Yet on falſe love I fell to think.

5

The ruſtling leaves increaſe my fears,
A footſtep falls, who can it be:
Oh joy! my Jemmy now appears,
And he alone was dear to me.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

Allegretto

Staccato

Jemmy Jumps.

Look dear Ma'am I'm quite the thing

Nat_ ti_ bus hi Tip--pi_ty ho In my Shoe I wear a ſtring tied in a black beau

ſo Cards and Dice I've monſtrous luck I'm no Drake yet keep a Duck. tho' not mar_ried

I'm a buck_ Lantherum ſwaſh, qui_ _vi_

I've a purſe well ſtock'd with—braſs
Chinkity hey! tinkity ho!
I've good eyes, but cock my glaſs,
Stare about, ſquintum ho!

2

In two boots I boldly—walk,
Piſtol, ſword, I never baulk,
Meet my man, and bravely—talk,
Pippity pop, coupee.

3

Sometimes mount a ſmart cockade,
Puppydum hey, ſtruttledum, ho!
From Hyde-park to the Parade,
Cocky my cary kee.
As I paſs a ſentry-box,
Soldiers reſt their bright firelocks
Each about his muſquet knocks,
Rattledum ſlap, to me!

4

In the Mall, Ma'am gives her card,
Caſhedy me, kiſſady ſhe!
Sit before the Stable-yard,
Leg-orum lounge a-row!
Pretty things I ſoftly—ſay
When I'm aſk'd our chairs to pay,
Yes, ſays I, and walk—away
Pennybuſs tartum, ho!

5

At Boulogne I liv'd a week,
Frickaſee hey! trickaſee ho!
Their fine French I learnt to ſqueak,
Grinnybuſs ſkiptum, ho!
Slap French clack about, hauteur,
Nevette chef d' œuvre, bon douceur,
En bon point, quel tout mon coeur,
Fiddledee foll, hee, hee!

6

Rotten Row, my Sunday-ride,
Trottledum hey, tumble off, ho!
Poney, eighteen-pence a-ſide,
Windgall, glanderum, ho!
Cricket, I fain'd Lumpey Nick,
Baddles, ſmouch Mendoza lick:
Up to, ah! I'm juſt the kick,
Allemande cap'rum toe!

Sung by Mrs Martyr.

Sf PP F

for pia Sf for

(Molly May-bush)

Send him to me let him woo me gently breathe each tender vow. why for- fake me come and take me

for

take me in the humour now. in my Cheeks full Ro- ses blow-ing wishes twinkle in my

pia

pia

express°

Eyes, oh what joy when joy be- - stowing yet my Care-less Lover flies, Girls don't hear him

FF pia

mock him fear him, hell de- ceive you kiss and leave you. Send him to me, let him

woo me, ſoftly breath each tender vow, why for- ſake me come and take me, take me in the humour now ſend him to me let him

woo me why for - ſake me come and take me take me in the humour now in my cheeks full roſes blowing withes twinkle in my

eyes, oh what joy when joy be- - ſtowing yet my care- leſs Lover flies in my cheeks full roſes

blowing withes twinkle in my Eyes ah me what Joy when Joy be- - ſtowing yet my

for *pia*

Careleſs Lover flies.

Sung by Mr. Edwin Mr. Blanchard and Mrs. Martyr.

Allegro

Jemmy

My dear ma'am how you clack a-way King

Ratsoon

George's Eng-lish hack a-way, my dear ma'am how you clack a-way King George's Eng-lish hack a-way Go

prefs your Cheefe and feed your Geefe tuck up your duds and pack a-way go prefs your Cheese & feed your Geefe tuck

up your duds and pack a-way.

2

Molly - - - - - - - - Go hop pretty Pet along
Rund - - - - - And down the dance lead Bet along
Molly - - - - - - - - But Rundy's ftick
Rund - - - - - - - - Your back fhall lick
Molly - - - - - You faucy Monkey get along.

3

Jemmy - - - - - - - - Machere-Ami tout autre chofe
Tho' Gentleman of Bully knows-
Lord nothing yet
Before my Bet
I'd kick a Shinor pull a Nofe.

Duetto 4th Verse.

Jemmy.

Your Love is in-com-pa-ta-ble since I am not come-at-a-ble, your Love is in-com-pat-a-ble since

Pipe & Tabor

I am not come-at-a-ble

Molly

For dance were ripe d'ye hear the pipe & Tabor how rattattable, for

dance we're ripe d'ye hear the pipe and Tabor how rattattable.

Molly.

Rat-tat-ta-ble rat-tat-ta-ble rat-tat ta-ble rat-tat-ta-ble for dance were ripe d'ye hear the pipe and

Rundy & Jemmy.

Pipe & Tabor

Tabor how rat-tat-ta-ble

Jemmy -- Dan Votres lilt sweet moll adieu
Rundy -- And if so be whats that to you
Jemmy -- If e'er we meet in London Street
I'll honor you with how d'ye do, how d'ye do,
Rundy -- A fig for you and your how d'ye do
Molly -- That for you and your how d'ye do.

Act 2d.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain

Semplice

oboe

Violins Piz:

Louisa

ff.

Winds softly tell my Love you have brought home his Dove, say poor Lou__is__a flies to her Mate smooth was the

O_cean and swift was our mo__tion he was my Ha_ven and ab_sence my Fate.

oboe

my

espressº

Fate _ _ _

ftac: fcr

thro' the meads playing Cropping wild flow'rs on the Precipe's brink Joys fur - - rounding fporting

pia SF. P

ftac: oboe

bounding nor on fond Phillis the wan - ton will think Winds - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

pia

Winds foftly tell my love you have brought home his Dove fay poor Lou - is - a flies to her Mate.

pia fcr

fay poor Lou - - is - a poor Lou - - is - a now flies - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - to her mate.

hr

mF. Legati fcr

dimo

Sung by Mr. Edwin. (Jemmy Jumps)

Gad a mer_cy. De_vils in me. all the Dam_fels. wish to

pia

win me. all the damfels all the damfels wish to win me like a May_Pole Round me

for *pia*

cluf_ter hang_ing gar_lands Fus and Fluf_ter Jilt_ing Cap'_ring Grinning

fmirkin Ponting Bob_bing Winking Jerking Cocking Bills up Chins up Perking Kates and

Betties Polls and Let_ties all were Doating Gentle Creatures on there Features to then Aprons all wont'd

pin me Gad a mer_ry De_vils in me all the Damſels with to win me.

Pret_ty Damſels ug_ly Damſels black hair'd damſels red hair'd damſels ſix foot damſels three foot

for pia

damſels Pale fac'd damſels plump fac'd damſels ſmall leg'd damſels thick leg'd damſels dainty damſels dowdy damſels pretty ug_ly black hair'd

red hair'd ſix foot three foot pale fac'd plump fac'd ſmall leg'd thick leg'd dowdy dainty all run all run af_ter me Sir for when

pret_ty Fel_lows we pret_ty Maids are frank and free Gad a mercy Devils in me all the

pia

V.S.

Ladies, wish to win me, for their Stays, take-ing mea-sure, take-ing

mea-sure, Oh the pleasure, take-ing measure takeing measure Oh the pleasure, Oh, such

tempt-ing looks they ge me wish-ing of my heart to nim me Pat and

Coy you De-vill Jem-my *for pia* Pret-ty La-dies ug-ly

for *for pia*

La-dies black haird La-dies red haird Ladies six foot Ladies three foot Ladies Pale fac'd Ladies Plump fac'd

Ladies ſmall leg'd Ladies thick leg'd Ladies dainty Laides dow - dy Ladies Pret - ty ug - ly black haird

red haird ſix foot three foot pale fac'd plump fac'd ſmall leg'd thick leg'd dow - dy dain - ty all run af - ter af - ter

me Sir for when pret - ty Fel - lows we pret - ty maids are frank and Free the pret - ty

Stat:

Maids are frank and Free are frank and free.

Stat:

Sung by Mr. Johnftone

(Valentine)

Con Spirito

How

bright are the Joys of the ta-- ble I mean when the cloth is re-mov'd Your hearts are faft held by a cable while round the decanter is

fhov'd the Ladies all rife to re-- tire we ftand up and look ve-ry grave A bumper then draw round the Fire-- de-

- termin'd like Souls to be-have A bumper A bumper A bum- - - - - - per A bumper then draw to the Fire de- - -

for

Sy

termin'd like Souls to be- have.

for

2d Verſe.

My ſervant he knows I'm a toper clean glaſses of wine a re_ cruit he brings in a ſix bottle cooper and places it cloſe at my

foot I gingerly take up a bottle the ſaw duſt I puff from his coat the cork out he ſings in the

throt_tle but ſweet_er than Ma_ra his note ſweet_er than Ma_ra ſweet_er than Ma_ra - - - - - - - - - - - - the

cork out he ſings in the throt_tle but ſweet_er than Ma_ra his note.

3d Verſe

What Gentleman Coffee now chuſes the complement come from the fair no Gentleman Coffe re_ _ fuſes but

not a man ſtirs from his chair tho' Frenchmen may do ſo I bar it with bu_tiſh po_ _ lite_neſs I think - - -

- - while Monſieur we thank for his claret he never ſhall teach us to drink he never ſhall teach us he

never ſhall teach us to drink while Monſieur we thank for his claret he never ſhall teach us to drink.

4th Verſe.

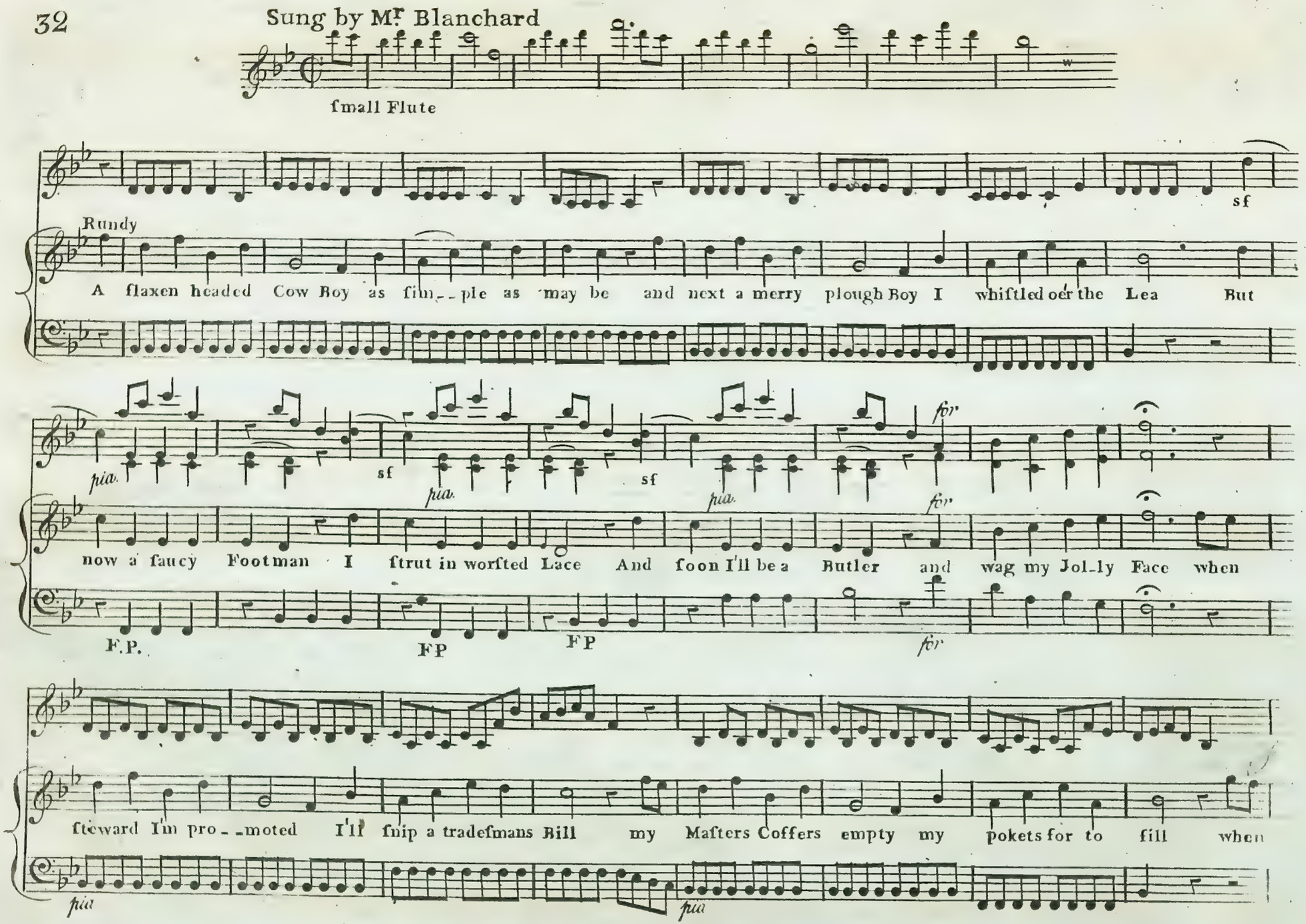
Gay He_be now ſhews in A_ pol_lo a ſtruggle 'twixt Claret and wit for Bacchus inſiſts he ſhall ſwallow ſix

bumpers be_for he may ſit ye fair why ſo ill ſhould we treat you go part ere the bot_tle is_ won_ _ at

ſup_per Apollo ſhall meet you and ſhew you what Bacchus has done A_ pollo at ſup_per ſhall ſhew you what Bacchus has

done A_ _ _ _ _ pollo at ſupper ſhall meet you and ſhew you what Bacchus has done.

Sung by Mr Blanchard



lol_ling in my Chariot fo great a man I'll be fo great a man fo great a man fo great a man I'll be you'll for_

sf *pia* *for*

_get the lit_tle plough boy that whiftled o'er the Lea you'll for get the lit_tle plough boy that whifled o'er the Lea.

for

Small Flute

2

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
I'll ftand poll for the parliament, and then vote in myfelf:
Whatever's good for - me, fir, I never will oppofe;
When all my ayes are fold off, why then I'll fell my noes
I'll bawl, harangue and paragraph, with fpeeches charm the ear,
And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll fit down a peer.
In court or city honour, fo great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whiftled o'er the Lea.

Sung by Mr. Darley

Andante con Molto

pia *for* *pia* *for* PP

Lovely Ladies fprigs of fafhion fmile the youthfull hour a - - way fmile the youthfull hour a - - way welcome

pia piz. *for*

now the ten-der pafsion in my Sunfhine I made hay in my Sunfhine I made hay, muf-ty Age forbids foft

for col arco

wooing what themfelves are paft the doing but fage rea-fon to each Sea-fon pleafures fuiting age re- -

criu_ting by full glafses tho' life pafses wine re_-ftores the Lamp of Day. Love_ly Ladies Lovely

Ladies Lovely Ladies fprigs of fafhion fmile the youthfull hour a_ _ way fmile the youtfull hour a_-

Piz.

pia *for*

_ way, wel_come now the ten_der pafsion in my Sunfhine I made hay in my Sunfhine I made

pia *for*

hay. The Sun's Love potion juft hits my no_tion to fet in Ocean next morn rife

F.P. arco *for*

fhewing a broad face glowing in youth my Girl in age a glorious_ flaik fo live fo die is all I afk.

for Largo V.S.

Lovely Ladies fprigs of fafhion fmile the youthfull hour a - - way fmile the youthfull hour a - way wel - come

piz: for

now the ten - der pafsion in my Sunfhine I made hay. in my Sunfhine I made hay in my Sunfhine I made

arco pia

hay - in my Sunfhine I made hay - but fage

reafon to each feafon pleafures fuiting age re - cruiting wine re - - ftores the Lamp of day.

Sung by Mr. Darley.

Pompoſo

clarts

tutti for

Old

Bafsoon

clarts

Englands a Lion ſtreth out at her eaſe A Sailor his keep - er his couch the green Seas Old Englands a Lion ſtretch

Horns

clarts

for

Violins

out at his Eaſe A Sailor his kee - per his couch the green Seas.

ſhould a

for

for

Monkey dare to chatter or a Tygar claw they tumble at his roar - - -

FF.

expreſs. pia for

lifts his paw I love a neighbour's friendſhip but he turnd foe pre- pare to recieve him with blow for blow. pre-

FF

cres

pare to recieve him with blow for blow. prepare prepare prepare - - - prepare - - - - - - - - - - - - - - pre-

for

for FF

- - pare to recieve him with blow for blow for blow for blow with blow for blow.

for FF

Finale

Sung by Mr. Darley Mr. Johnstone Mr. Edwin Mr. Blanchard Mrs. Mountain Mrs. Martyr and Mrs. Mattocks.

Lively

F P F P F P sf.

Farmer

Wel-come Joy and hence with for-row laugh to day and cry to-mor-row- Smiles succeeding fortunes frowns

pia

all the world in ups and downs.

Repeat in Chorus — then go on

Valentine

Joy and truth in gen'rous wine friends sooth the cares of life Joy friend, truth in thee combine my faith-full Wife.

Betty

Four in hand I fpank a - - way hark twinkle twang my Bow. to a Circle read a play when

I now how. (Chorus) Wel - come Joy and hence with for - row laugh to day and cry to mor - row

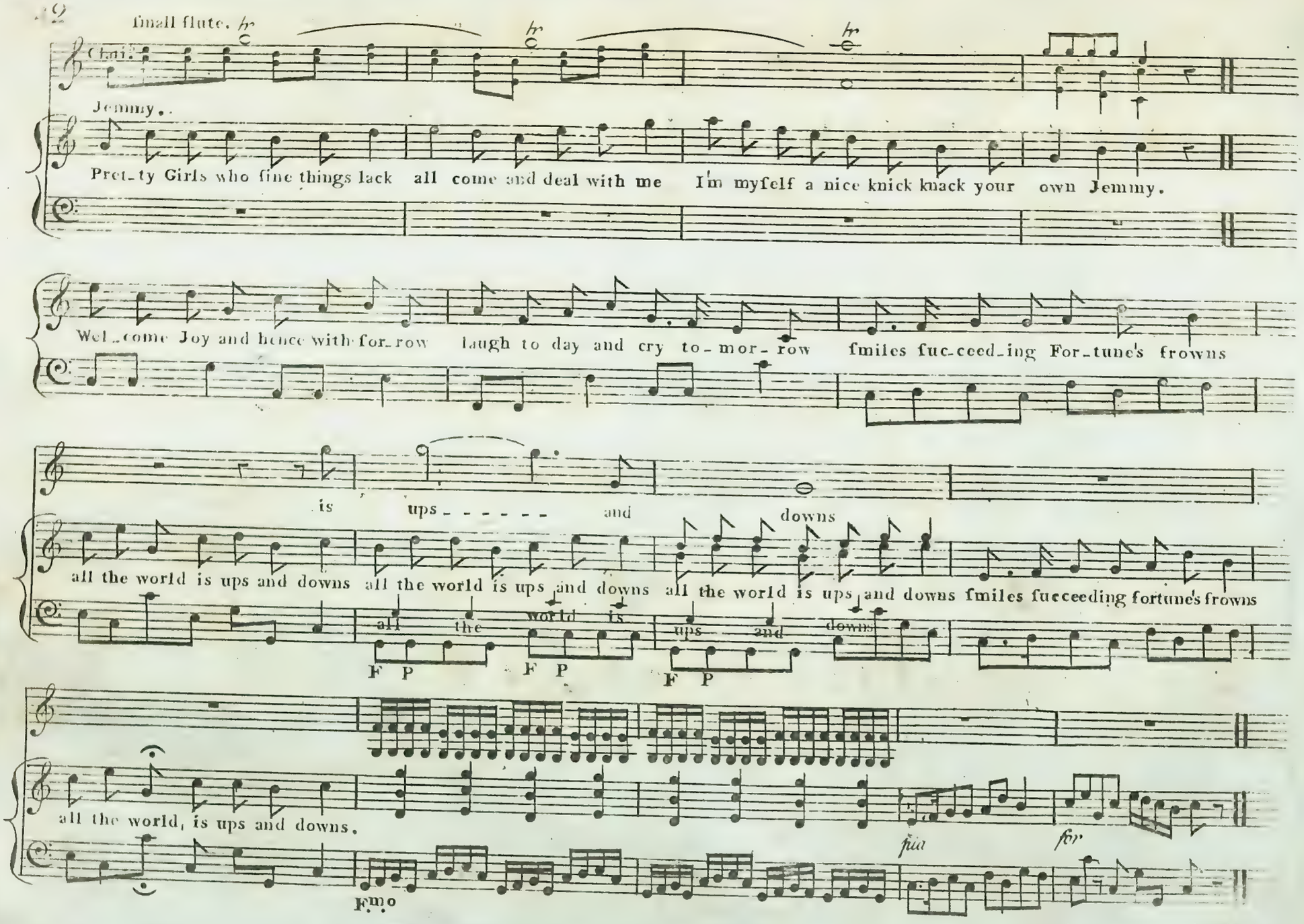
fmiles fucceeding Fortune's frowns all the world is ups and downs.

Rundy... Sweet to kiis upon the Grafs,
Gad-zooks I can't in Town
Give my merry willing Lafs,
A neat green-gown.

Molly... Farewell Feilds and fweet Hay-mow—
No more my Lambs I'll fee
Rundy fay I muft be now
A Gay Lady.

Chorus. Welcome &c.

Nb: Rundy and Molly's Stanzas are Sung to the fame melody that are fet to Valentine and Betty.


small flute.
Chor.
Jemmy.
Pret_ty Girls who fine things lack all come and deal with me I'm myself a nice knick knack your own Jemmy.
Wel_come Joy and hence with for_row laugh to day and cry to_mor_row smiles suc_ceed_ing For_tune's frowns
is ups - - - - - - and downs
all the world is ups and downs all the world is ups and downs all the world is ups and downs smiles succeeding fortune's frowns
all the world is ups and downs
all the world, is ups and downs.
F P
F P
F P
F.mo
pia
for

THE
OVERTURE, SONGS, DANCES &c.

in the Pantomime Entertainment of

Harlequin's Museum

or

Mother Shipton Triumphant

The new Music Composed by Mr. Shield

The rest Compiled by J. Goodwin, from the Works of

PEPUSCH, GALLIARD, VINCENT,

Dr. BOYCE, Dr. FISHER and Dr. ARNOLD.

1792

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

Price 6s.

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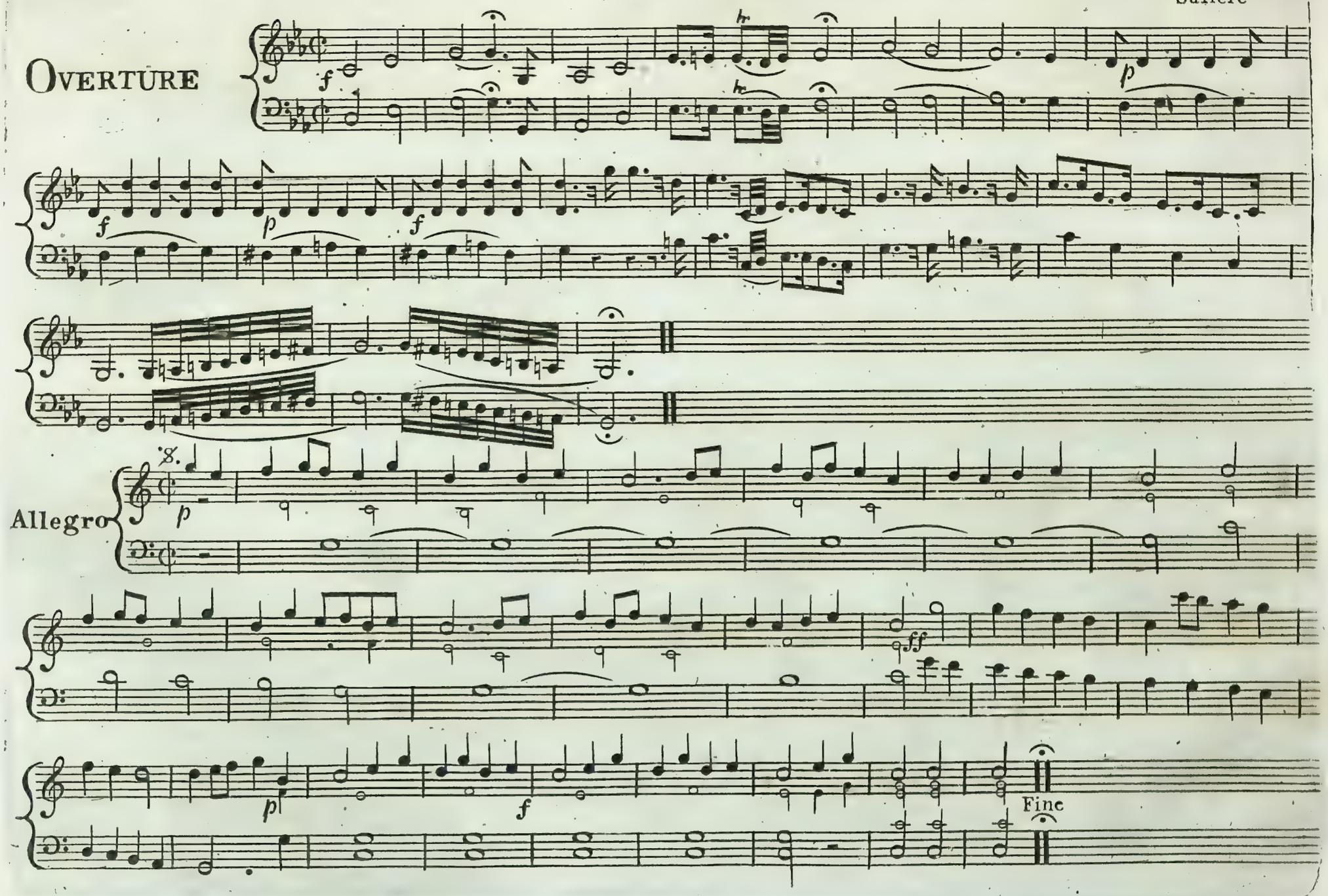
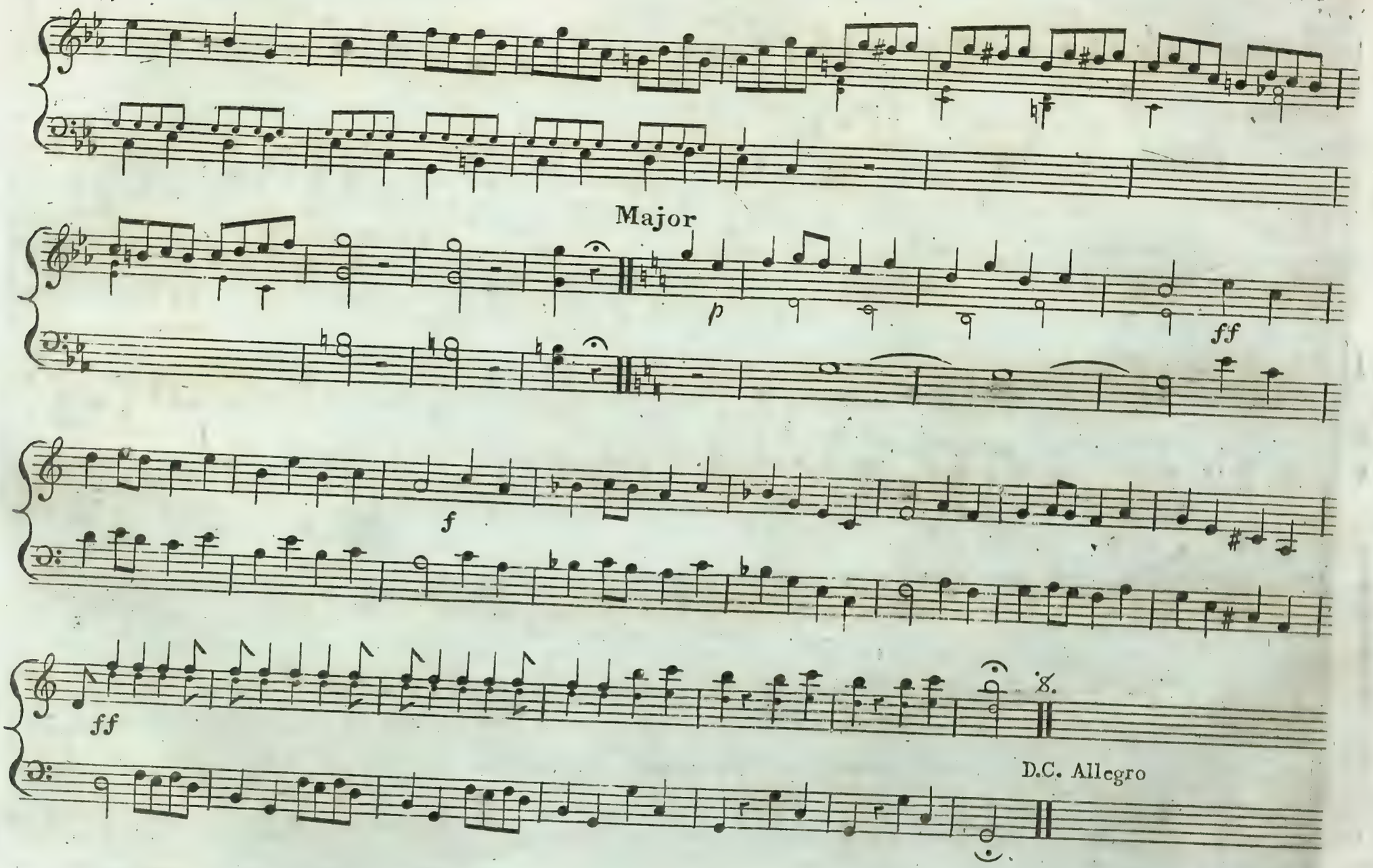

Overture
f
p
f
p
f
Allegro
p
ff
p
f
Fine

MINORE

p

f

p


Major
p
ff
f
ff
8.
D.C. Allegro

Sung by Mr. Darley, in the Character of Mother Shipton.

Allegro

Moderato

Recit:

f.mo

Thy Miſtreſs lost a Trifle don't de--ſpair,

in Tempo

old Mother Shipton ſhall diſpell thy Care for thou ſhalt fol---low follow fol--low follow fol---low

ſf

and regain the fair fol---low and regain the fair.

Recit. ad lib.m

Resume your wonted joy receive this

f.mo

Sword aided by that your pow'r ſhall be a-dor'd

fr.

fr.

Air. Allegro con Spirito

Shield.

'Tis true Im a fright, and a mer-ry old ſprite.

And thou ſhalt be Jo-vial be jovial ſweet Lad, thou ſhalt be jovial be jovial ſweet Lad.

fp *fp* *fp* *for* *ſmo*

Full of frolic and fun, full of frolic and

fp

ſſ *ſſ*

fun Care you ſhall out run, Nor know what it is to be ſad nor know what it is to be ſad.

ſſ *ſſ* *fp* *fp* *fp* *for*

tr *tr*

This Majical Sword, Ev'ry Bliſs ſhall afford,
Wave but that and enjoy and enjoy without end,
Wave but that and enjoy without end,

2

From the Sea from the Air, Ready Imps ſhall repair,
Ready Imps ſhall repair, Elv's and Goblings thy ſteps ſhall attend,
Elv's and Goblings thy ſteps ſhall attend.

Sung by Mr Incledon

Written by Wm Pearce Esq.
Set by Mr Shield.

Con Spirito
ma non
troppo Presto

f

p

f

Now

while above that range of Hills The morn a brightning gleam distils I seize my Gun and

f

mez voce

call around To eager Pointers just unbound I seize my Gun and call a - round to

fp

f

eager Pointers just unbound

ff

Swift for a time they dash a - way they dash a - way they dash a - - way Too

f f

wild too wild too high of spirit to o - bey

sym

Swift for a time they dash away too high of spi - rit to o - bey

2d. Verse

At length the Whistles note they hear, Look round and turn from their career, the
Stubble quarter nicely o'er, And ev'ry shelt'ring nook explore, The Stubble quarter
nicely o'er And ev'ry shelt'ring nook explore,

pp

See carlo sudden checks his speed See Carlo sudden checks his speed To - - ho To-
- ho There lie the birds, There lie the birds - - - - - - - Pe - ro take heed, Pe- - ro take heed There
lie the birds take heed take heed,

dim

3d. Verse

How well they back, how fine the point, The head turn'd short and fix'd each joint,

f

I'll take the birds upon this side I'll take the birds upon this side, The covey ri - ses
scatt'ring wide I'll take the birds O' the outside
Dead See See the feathers to the right See See the feathers to the right Mark

mark mark mark A_mong the beans three brace alight - - - - - - - - See See the feathers

to the right A_mong the beans three brace alight.

Voce Solo

ad libitum

4th Verse

a tempo

Carlo Carlo watch charge keep in keep in old Don When loaded ho good

Dogs hey on When loaded ho good dogs hey on, Thus range we till the

Sun gets high And on the ground no scent will lie Thus range we 'till the

Sun gets high And on the ground no scent will lie.

Then take thro woods our homeward way Then take thro woods our

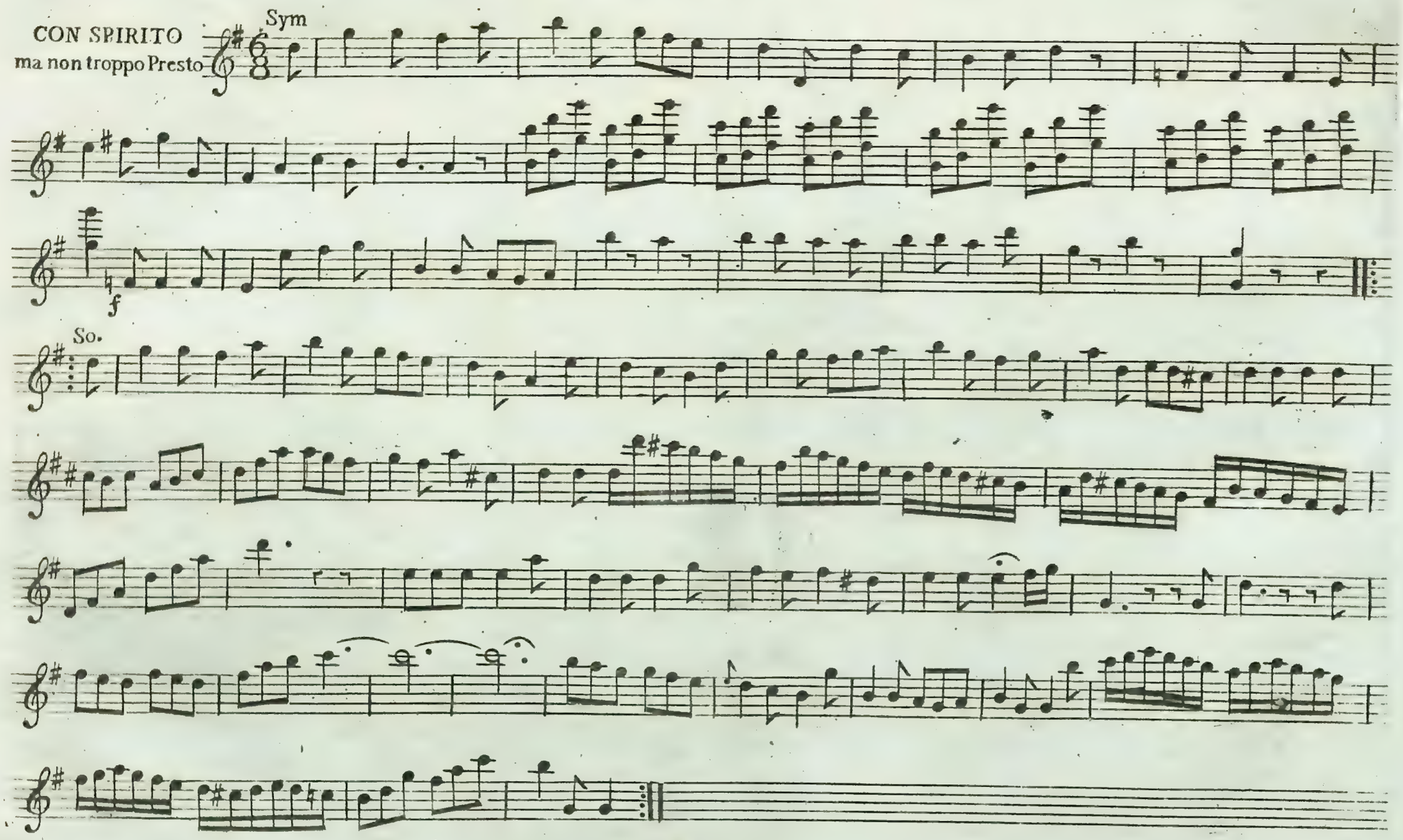
homeward way And o'er good cheer boast how we spent the day - - - - - - - - - - Then

take thro woods our homeward way And o'er good cheer boast how we spent the

ad lib

Day boast how we spent the day.

For the German Flute



"Old England for ever"

Sung by Mr. Incledon

Pompoſo

S.

Come cheer up my Lads mer-ry Chriſt-mas is near and I hope we ſhall all have a

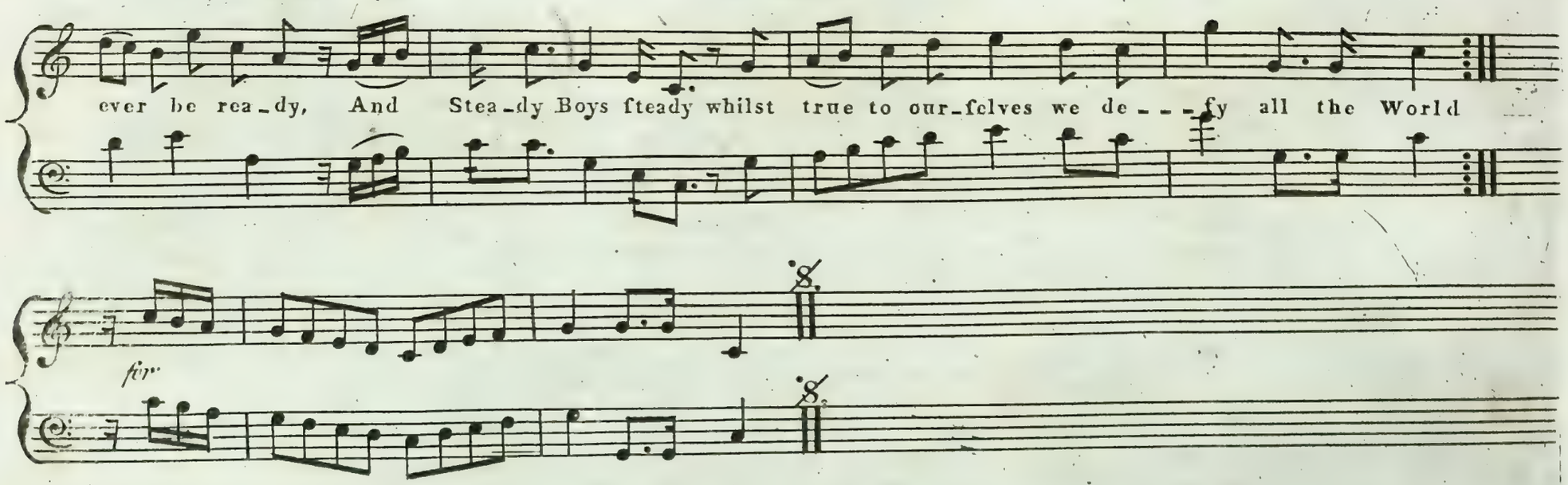
S.

pia:

hap-- py new year, pre-- pare your Plumb-Puddings Mince Pies and ſtout Ale and may Plenty and Peace in OLD

2d time Chorus

ENGLAND ne'er fail, O ſtill may our flag be with Luſ-tre un-furl'd Let's



2

The King and the State and the Laws of the Land,
The good Conftitution our Fore-Fathers pland,
To maintain them we all with one heart fhou'd agree,
For while they protect us, old England is free.
Cho: O ftill may our Flag &c.

3

No hand of Opprefsion we ever can fear,
Our Laws are the fame for the Peafant and Peer,
Our Houfe is our Caftle our Fire fide our Throne,
And each man in old England is fure of his own.
Cho: O ftill may our Flag &c.

4

Some must be ftronger, fome wifer then others,
But good Laws can unite us to live like good Brothers,
For while the ftrong labour, the wife ones will think,
And then in old England we ne'er fhall want chink,
Cho. O ftill may our Flag &c.

5

Then drink to the KING and the STATE and the LAWS,
With one Voice, with one Heart, we'll fupport the good caufe,
To Commerce, to Trade, to the Plough and the Sail,
And may Plenty and Peace in old England ne'er fail.
Cho. O ftill may our Flag &c.

The words by J. O'Keefe Esqr

Sung by Mr Fawcett

W Shield

CON SPIRITO

ff In a Shop of my own once I'd very pretty call and my tradewas a jolly Shoe ma_ker Tho' now I'm but a Cobler and glad to keep a stall here under the shop of a Ba_ker *f* His quar_ten Loaf is light His peck Loaf's short of weight mixing Allum with his flour makes his rolls so Cursed sour. Of all this I made a Song and as

p

good folks pass'd along to warn them it so merrily I'd Qua__ver the Baker's wife be'ng vex'd swore

I must change my text or re_pent of my monstrous bad be_haviour my fine Song for to mar it she

bought a squaling Parrot and on bulk o'er my head needs must mounther I taught pretty Poll to cry to the

Espress.

Jury passing by

whistles

(imitates a Parrot)

The light bread is under the Counter the lightbread

arco

the light bread is under the Counter

2d. Verse

Last night at John O'Grots they froth'd up my Ale, I taught my Landlord how his draught might be quicker, Says I but fill your pots and I warrant you'll not fail To sell a double quantity of liquor; To compass humming beer, that does my body cheer, I touch my Neighbours Cole, By leathering his Sole, Each side of me they sit, Whilst I in gigish fit Crack high jokes or sing the Vicar (and Moses,) I with hammer make a Rout thus draw my Elbows out And by accident double douce their Noses, their pardon then I beg Thus whipping up a leg, At a Coblers running trade who can match me A customers old Shoe, I take as I now do, And try if hopping after he can catch me, can catch me, And try if hopping after hopping after hopping after try if hopping after they can catch me.

Spoken

The words by J. O'Keefe Esq.r

Sung by Mr. Rock

Tune Irish Cry

BOLD
But not
too quick

f

Sciolto

ff

To be a fine Beau I had always a Passion But only got hold of the

p

tail of Dame Fashion No sooner on Sunday a fine thing I mounted But changd was the kick and a

sym

f

clown I was counted

forz

To sport a smart Crop, faith I

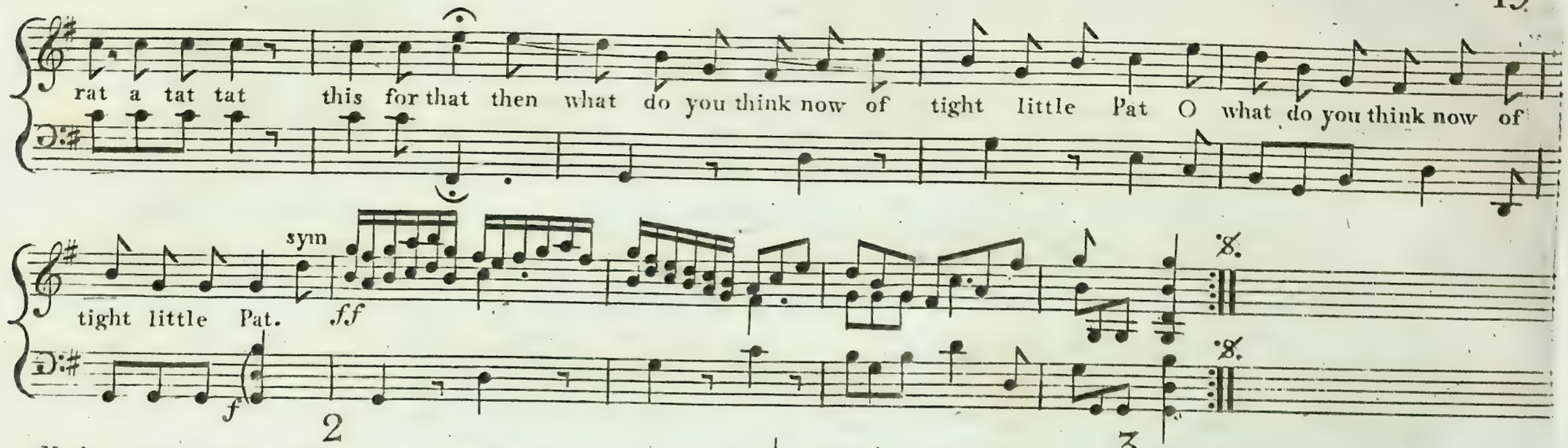
p

cut off my hair And now see a_no_ther man's tail I must wear I tore off my straps to

wear the Shoe string what now shall I do since a Buckle's the thing No sooner on Sunday a

fine thing I mounted But chang'd was the kick and a clown I was counted with cropt hair

false tail wear tie Shoe string Buckles the thing Ogh!



2

My head looks so fat with my little hat on it
Just dropt on my Nob like a Blue Coat Boys Bonnet
Then my face shews the Phiz of a methodist Weaver
When under my terrible Cock and pinch beaver
Into the street strut a very great Buck out
My white muslin cravat, all in a bunch stuck out
When in colour'd handkerchief ev'ry Beau passes
All fine as the fellows, that drive the Jack=asses
My Brilliant paste, stock buckle none now can gaze on
Be=collar'd my heads a calves=head in a bason
Crop'd hair
False tail wear
Tie shoe string
Buckles the thing

To be Spoke on one Note { Little hat fat headed Pat ev'ry inch cock and pinch big Buck out muslin stuck out Beau passes dri-ving Jack=asses, can gaze on calves=head in a Bason Oh

Rat a tat tat
This for that
Then what do you think now of tight little Pat.

3

For small cloaths just reaching the top of my Pins
I find I must Buckle my knees on my shins
High Breeches to buy my lac'd Waistcoat I burn
I look like a man standing up in a churn
Long skirts to my Coat about my Legs dangled
When now with short Jacket the folks are new fangled
So, to a sleeve Waistcoat myself I soon treated
And walk'd like an Ostrich about so conceited
'Twas thus that no sooner a fine thing I mounted
But chang'd was the kick and a clown I was counted.
With cropt hair
False tail wear
Tie shoe string
Buckles the thing

To be Spoke on one Note { Little hat fat headed Pat ev'ry inch cock and pinch big Buck out muslin stuck out Beau passes driving Jack=asses can gaze on calves=head in a bason knees & Pins Breeches & shins Jackets fangling skirts dangling myself treated Ostrich conceited lace burn man in a churn Oh

Rat a tat tat This for that
Then what do you think now of Tight little Pat.

Sung by Mr. Darley, in the Character of Mother Shipton.

Shield

Tho' the PIT my Son has swallow'd

Sprites and Goblins fav'd his Life and by us he must be follow'd E're you can be made his Wife,

Haste haste ye Light'ning haste ye Light'ning Rumble rumble rumble Thunder,

Furioso

To receive us O - - - - pen Earth

To receive us O pen Earth.

cres

tenuto

Allegro

Cease my Daughter cease to wonder Mother Shipton brings thee mirth Cease my Daughter cease to won--der

Mother Shipton brings thee mirth.

Tho' the PIT my Son has swallow'd

Sprites and Goblins sav'd his Life Mother Shipton brings thee mirth - - -

FINALE

Saliere

ALLEGRO

Lasting joys they cannot miss to the fane by Cupid Led, To the fane by Cu – – pid

Lasting joys they cannot miss to the fane by Cupid Led, To the fane by Cu – – pid

Lasting joys they cannot miss to the fane by Cupid Led, To the fane by Cu – – pid

Lasting joys they cannot miss to the fane by Cupid Led, To the fane by Cu – – pid

led, days of mirth and nights of bliss Wait the marriage board and Bed, Days of

led, days of mirth and nights of bliss Wait the marriage board and Bed, Days of

led, days of mirth and nights of bliss Wait the marriage board and Bed, Days of

led, days of mirth and nights of bliss Wait the marriage board and Bed, Days of

f *p* *f*

mirth and nights of bliss wait the marriage board and bed.

mirth and nights of bliss wait the marriage board and bed.

mirth and nights of bliss wait the marriage board and bed.

mirth and nights of bliss wait the marriage board and bed.

Albion ever to be blest Harmo - ny her joys en - - crease may no Canker in her

Albion ever to be blest Harmo - ny her joys en - - crease may no Canker in her

Albion ever to be blest Harmo - ny her joys en - - crease may no Canker in her

p Violon:

tutti

breast - - - - - - - - - - - e'er con - sume e'er con - sume the Rose of Peace Albion ever to be

breast - - - - - - - - - - - e'er con - sume e'er con - sume the Rose of Peace Albion ever to be

breast - - - - - - - - - - - e'er con - sume e'er con - sume the Rose of Peace

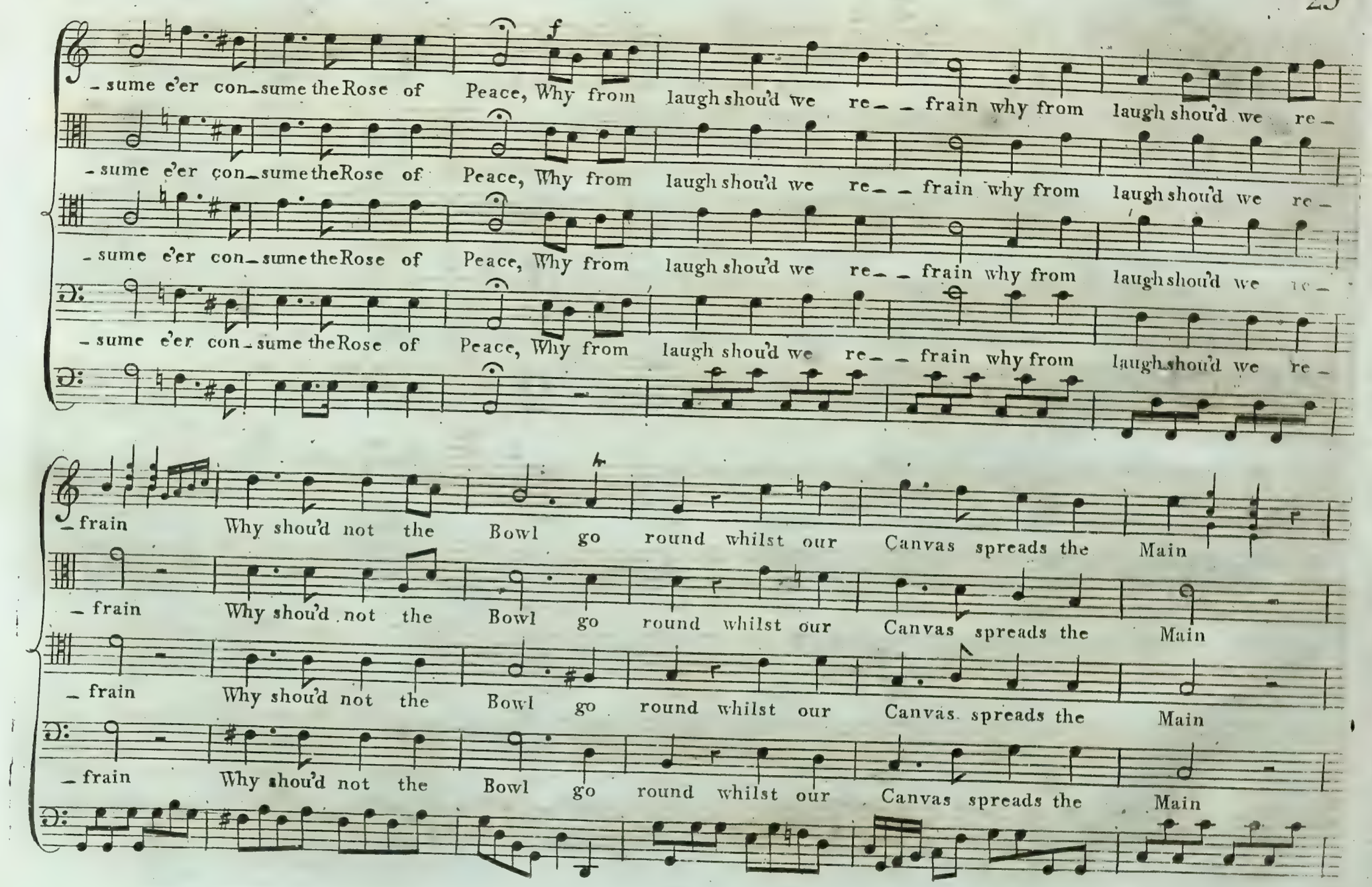
may no Canker in her breast e'er con - sume e'er con - sume the Rose of Peace

blest Harmo - ny her joys en - crease may no Canker in her breast - - - - - - - - - - - e'er con -

blest Harmo - ny her joys en - crease may no Canker in her breast - - - - - - - - - - - e'er con -

may no Canker in her breast - - - - - - - - - - - e'er con -

may no Canker in her breast e'er con -


f
-sume e'er con-sume the Rose of Peace, Why from laugh shou'd we re- - frain why from laugh shou'd we re-
-sume e'er con-sume the Rose of Peace, Why from laugh shou'd we re- - frain why from laugh shou'd we re-
-sume e'er con-sume the Rose of Peace, Why from laugh shou'd we re- - frain why from laugh shou'd we re-
-sume e'er con-sume the Rose of Peace, Why from laugh shou'd we re- - frain why from laugh shou'd we re-
-frain Why shou'd not the Bowl go round whilst our Canvas spreads the Main
-frain Why shou'd not the Bowl go round whilst our Canvas spreads the Main
-frain Why shou'd not the Bowl go round whilst our Canvas spreads the Main
-frain Why shou'd not the Bowl go round whilst our Canvas spreads the Main

Whilst our Canvas spreads the Main whilst our Fields with plenty Crown'd whilst our

Whilst our Canvas spreads the Main whilst our Fields with plenty Crown'd whilst our

Whilst our Canvas spreads the Main whilst our Fields with plenty Crown'd whilst our

Whilst our Canvas spreads the Main whilst our Fields with plenty Crown'd whilst our

Whilst our Canvas spreads the Main whilst our Fields with plenty Crown'd whilst our

fields with plenty Crown'd.

fields with plenty Crown'd.

fields with plenty Crown'd.

fields with plenty Crown'd.

Farm Yard

Outside of House

Vivace

V.S.

Chamber

Rondo

D.C.

Horns

D.C.

Village

Moderato

Shrubbery

Vivace

D.C.

Hermit

Shield

fz

Bassoon

fz

ff

Da Capo

Making Punch

March

Hornpipe

Shield

p Legati

f

Da Capo

Grand Temple

Allegro

Ballet

Shield

Allegro

Horns

f

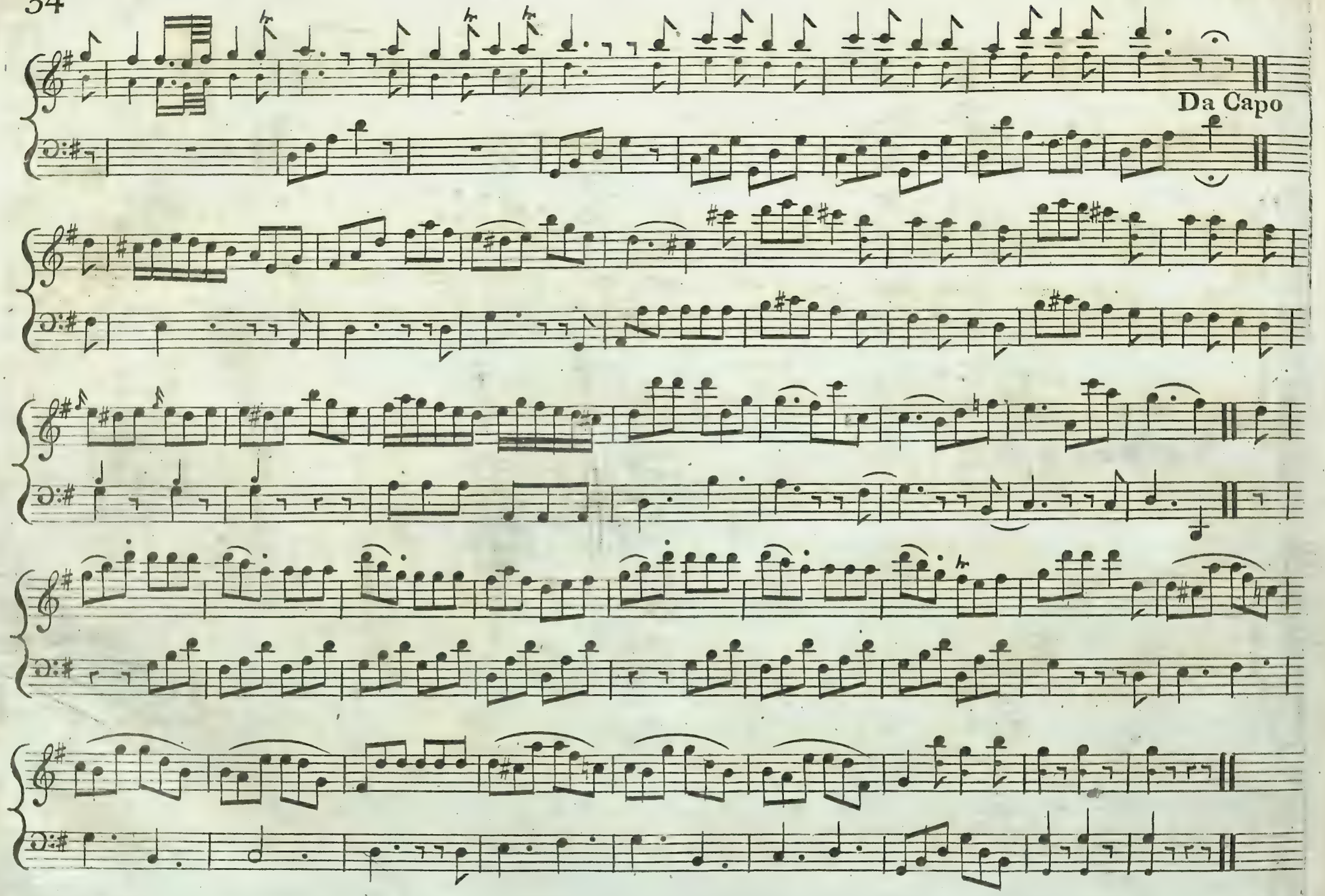
f

Pas de deux Mr. Byrn and Madle. Rossi

Shield.

Allegretto

mezzo Voce


Da Capo

HARTFORD BRIDGE,

or

THE SKIRTS OF A CAMP;

an Operatic Farce

as Performed at the

Theatre Royal Covent Garden;

Selected & Composed by

WILLIAM SHIELD.

(Musician in Ordinary to His Majesty)

THE POETRY by *Wm. PEARCE Esq.*

Price 8s.

Entd at Stat. Hall.

LONDON.

Printed by Longman & Broderip, No. 26, Cheapside & No. 13, Haymarket.

Where may be had All the above Author's works.

Simpkins Sc.

1792

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1994
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MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS

Printed and Sold by Longman & Broderip at the Apollo No. 26 Cheapside & No. 13 Hay market London

G. FLUTE MUSIC.
Trios for Ger.n Flutes

Andrews	5	0
Bourdans Three Flutes	7	6
Cambini's ... Op 5	1	6
Campion's ... Op 4	7	6
Carufi's	3	0
Cieri's ... 9	10	6
Fillz ... 2	7	6
... Trios & Quartets	10	6
Florio's ... 3	10	6
Giordani's ... 12	10	6
Hartley's	5	0
Haffs	3	6
Hoegi's	3	0
Kerulls	7	6
Mac Gibbon's	3	0
Mancinellis	7	6
Martini's	5	0
Reinardt's	7	6
Pleis 2 Sets ... each	7	0
Santi-Lapis ... 1	5	0
Schwindl's	5	0
Windhagi 1, 2, 3, 7 ... each	7	6
Wegis ... 1	10	6
Zucchetti ... 2	10	0

Duets for German Flutes

Ignius	5	0
Bach's Duets and Trios	2	6
Blanes	1	0
... Chamber Duets	1	0
Bourdan's	3	0
Cecilia	1	0
Clementi's ... 5	5	0
Canals ... 3	5	0
Courtrains ... Op 2	6	0
Davis	2	0
Evening Amusement	2	6
Fischer	10	6
Florio's ... 4	8	0
Giordani's 2 Sets ... each	5	0
Greenemans & Gerardi's each	3	0
Heleveck	2	6
Justis	2	6
Kerulls	4	0
Ulffers	3	0
Lucas	3	0
Lidarti	3	0
Mancinellis ... 2	1	0
Dis ... 3	5	0
... Notturnos 2 Sets each	1	0
Martini's ... 11	5	0
Minuets by an eminent Master	0	6
Nofer's	5	0
Ulas	3	0
Reinardt 12d & 3 Set each	1	0
Retzel's ... 3	3	0
Stamitz's	5	0
Tegnis	3	0
Wendling's	5	0

Solos for a Ger.n Flute

Bulcourt's	5	0
Barsanti's ... 2	4	0
Bezozzi's	5	0
Blank's	5	0
Burk Thumel's	4	0
Duciots 2 Sets ... each	3	0
Espiet's ... 2	6	0

G. FLUTE MUSIC.
Solos continued.

Fischer's	10	6
Giordani's ... Op 9	7	6
Mancinelli's	7	0
Mercs ... 3	4	0
Miller's	4	0
Redi's	7	6
Rosingrave's	5	0
Weiss ... 3	10	6
Zanetti's	4	0

Operas and Entertainments for a Ger. Flute.

Interwoven	2	0
Beggars Opera	1	6
Capricious Lovers	2	0
Cymon	2	0
Deserter	2	0
Election	1	0
Espinta	3	0
Golden Pippin	2	0
Institution of the Garter	1	6
Jubilee	1	6
Ladies Frolic	1	6
Lionel and Clarissa	2	0
Love in a Village	1	6
Maid of Oaks	1	6
Paddock	1	6
Pharmaces	2	0
Quaker	2	6
Royal Shepherd	2	0
Sylphs	1	6
Waterman	1	6

FRENCH HORN MUSIC

Eaton's Twelve Duetts	2	6
Beauvoir's Duets	1	6
Jeune five Select D.o	2	0
Valentine's Duets	2	0

GUITAR MUSIC

Almanda's Cittherns	1	6
Aliceia's Songs 2 Sets ... each	5	0
... Ladies Amusement	2	0
... Ladies Favorite	3	0
Bach's Sonata	1	0
Bates's Duets ... Op 13	2	0
Carter's Lessons & Duets	5	0
Clement's Divertiments	3	0
Clagel's Songs	1	6
Clark's Hymns	1	6
Divertiments by a Gentleman	3	0
Ferdi's Lessons & Marches	10	6
Frangipani's Scots 2 Sets ... each	6	0
Giorlinis Dances & Songs	1	0
Giovanni's Sonatas	5	0
Giordani's Solos & Trio	7	6
Hasler's Airs	1	0
Lucas's Lessons	1	6
Magdalen Hymns	1	6
Menezies Divertiments ... 1	3	0
Merchi's Songs & Duets ... 10	6	0
... Divertiments ... 21	6	0
... Songs & Duets ... 22	6	0
Miss Stevensons Songs	2	6
Mozzolinos Songs &c	2	6
Nofer's Duetos ... Op 6	5	0
... Lessons ... 12	5	0
Parry's Airs	0	6
Pocket Book	3	6
... 2d edition	5	0

GUITAR MUSIC
continued

Pocket Companion	2	6
Ritter's Songs	1	0
Rudis Lessons	2	0
Schumans Lessons	5	0
... Solos	5	0
... Songs 2 Sets ... ea	5	0
Scotch Songs	2	0
Six Songs with an Accompaniment	1	6
Songs & Scotch	2	0
Strauts Trios	1	6
... Variations to God save the King	3	0
Thackeray's Divertiments	5	0
... Lessons 2 Sets ... ea	3	0
... 11 Airs	3	0
Vauxhall Songs &c	1	6

Operas and Entertainments for the Guitar

Capricious Lovers	1	6
Christmas Tale	2	0
Cymon	2	0
Deserter	2	0
Election	2	0
Golden Pippin	2	0
Institution of the Garter	1	6
Jubilee	2	0
Ladies Frolic	1	6
Love in a Village	1	6
Maid of Oaks	2	6
Paddock	1	6
Pharmaces	1	0
Quaker	2	6
Sylphs	1	6
Waterman	2	0

Single Concertos for the Harpsichord or Pianoforte

Bach's	1	6
Boylon's Two ... each	2	0
Francoes	3	0
Fischer's 1, 2, 3 & 7, each	2	6
Haffs	0	6
Richter's Four ... each	1	6
Rathe ... 1 and 2 ... each	2	0
... Parts to D.o ... each	1	0
Scheberes ... 13	1	0
Wagenseil's	1	6

Quintets and Quartets for the Harpsichord or Piano Forte

Giardini's Quintets ... 11	15	0
Giordanos ... 1	15	0
Smith's Quartets ... 10	6	0

Concertos for the Harpsichord or Piano Forte

Alessandri's	10	6
Arnold's ... Op 15	8	0
Bach's ... 7	10	6
... three	1	6
Chilcot's ... 2	12	0
Dupuis	15	0
Giordani's ... 3	7	6
... Parts to D.o	7	6
Giordani's ... 14	10	6
... 22	17	0
Hargrave's	1	0
Hawdon's	5	0
Hayes	15	0
Hook's	10	6
Reichardt's ... 1	10	6

HARPSICH.D MUSIC
Concertos continued

Richter's	6	0
Sayer's two Concertos &c	7	6
Smetherge's	10	6
Smith's ... 13	12	0
Stamitz's	12	0
Wagenseil's	10	0

Sonatas or Lessons for the Harpsichord or Piano Forte

Abeck's	3	0
Arnold's ... Op 7, 10 & 11, each	10	6
Bach's	10	6
... Progressive Lessons and Duets	10	6
... C.P.P.	2	6
Berthelemon's	7	6
Bates	6	0
Bruser's ... 1	10	6
Bertoni's	10	6
Boccherini's 2 Sets ... each	10	6
Burghese's ... 1	10	6
Cooke's ... 1	7	6
... 2 and 3 ... each	10	6
Barons & Corri's ... each	10	6
... Three Lessons	2	0
Corri's ... 1	10	6
... 3	5	0
Cimarosa's ... 3	7	0
... Op 1	10	6
Corri's ... 2	10	6
Clark's ... 2	3	0
... 3	10	6
Clementi's ... 1	10	6
Dances 1 and 2 Sets ... each	10	6
Debatz's ... 1	1	0
Deitz's ... Op 3 and 5 ... each	10	6
Denby's ... 1 and 2 ... each	10	6
Dibdin's	7	6
Dupuis ... 1	6	0
Ebeler's	10	6
Edelmann's ... 3, 5 & 7		
Eichner's	5	0
Evans	10	6
Garth's ... Op 5 and 6 ... ea	10	6
Georgi's	10	6
Giordani's 1 to 10 and 21 ... each	10	6
... Progressive 23	10	6
... Cadences	1	0
... Marches &c	3	0
... Select Airs	7	6
... Storm	2	0
Giulivini's	10	6
Guglielmi's	10	6
Harpsichord Miscellany	1	0
Haweles	10	6
Haydns ... 14 and 17 ... each	10	6
Heron's Divertiment and Marches	1	0
Herschel's	10	6
Honauer's	10	6
Hook's easy	3	0
... 16	10	6
Jackson's ... 10	10	6
... Parts to D.o	5	0
Jarvis's Lessons	5	0
Justi's ... 1 & 2 ... each	7	6
... 3	2	6
... 5	5	0
... 6	10	6
Justices	5	0
Kammel's ... 9	10	6

PRELUDIO
to
HARTFORD BRIDGE.

Adapted for the HARPSICHORD or PIANO FORTE

MARCIA

Maestoso Risoluto

p

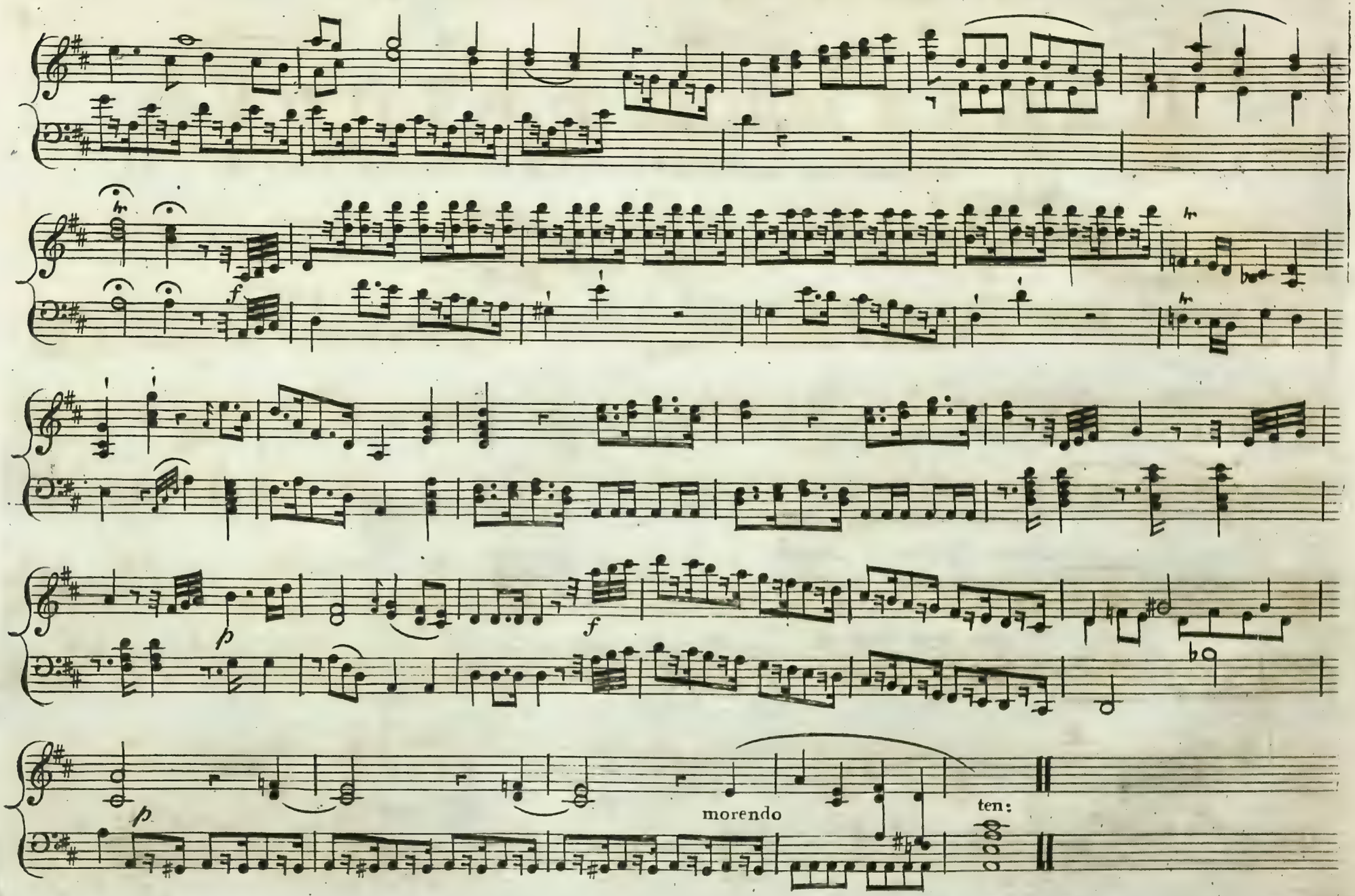
pmo

f

p

f

espress.


f
p
f
p
morendo
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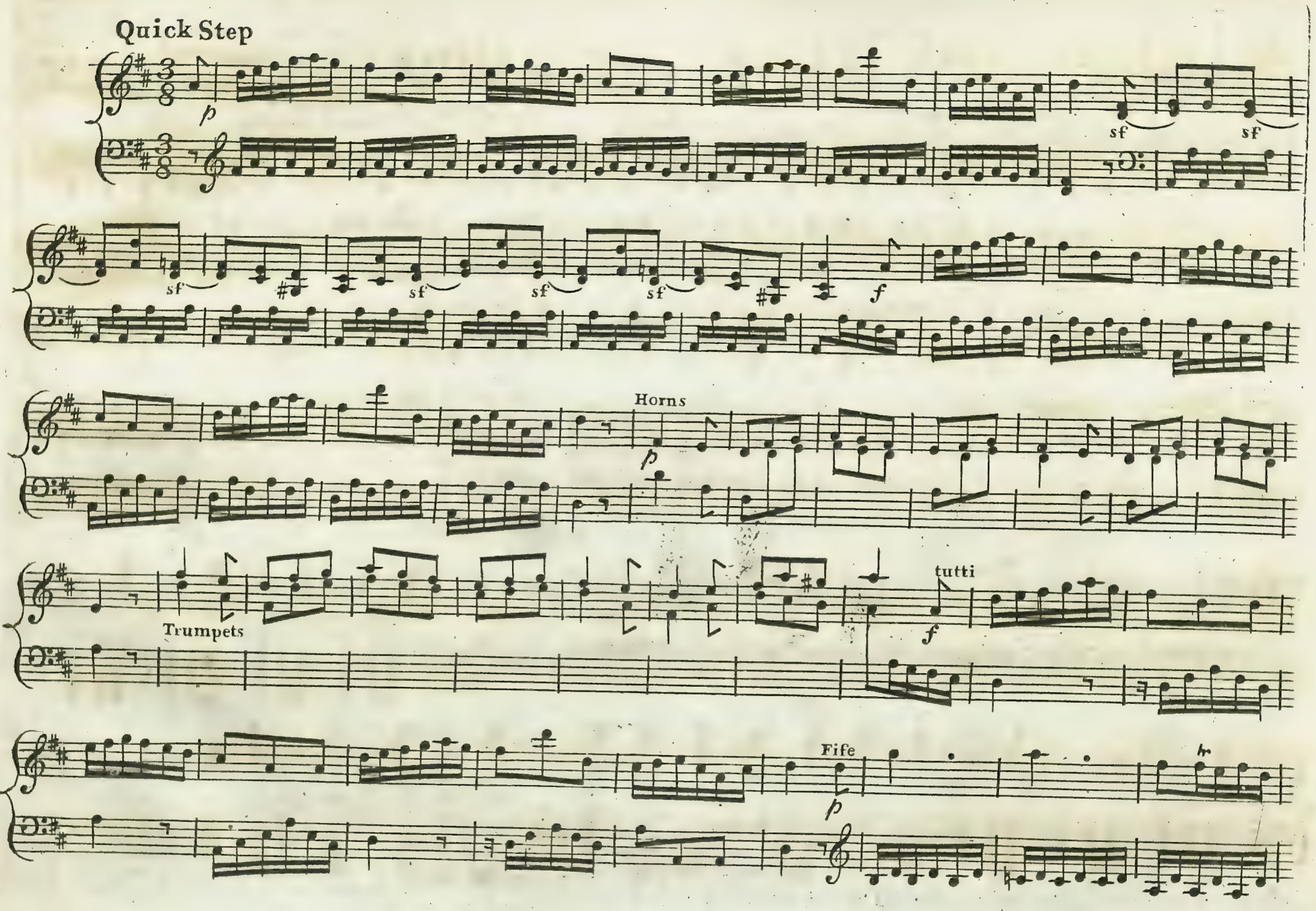
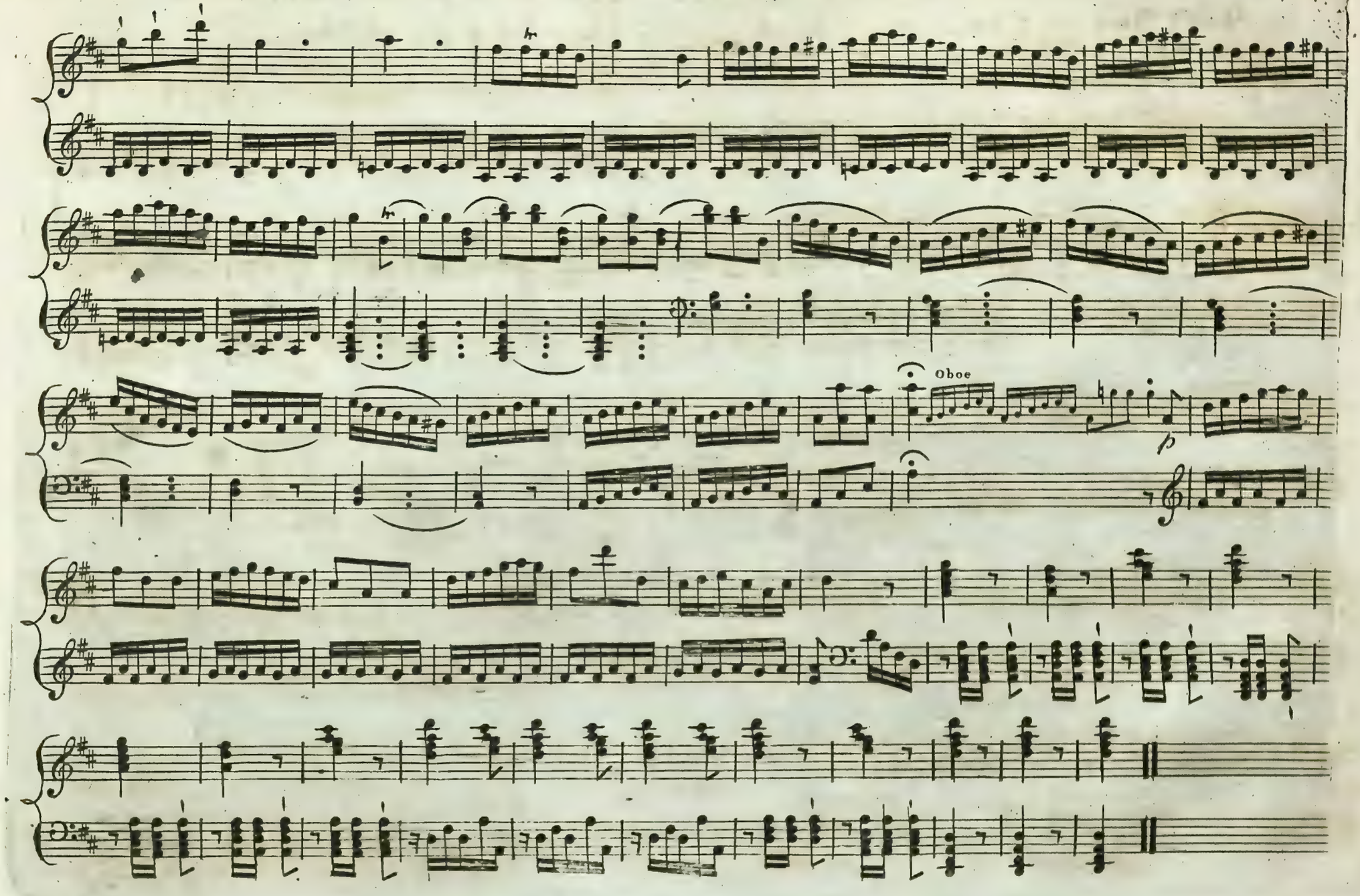
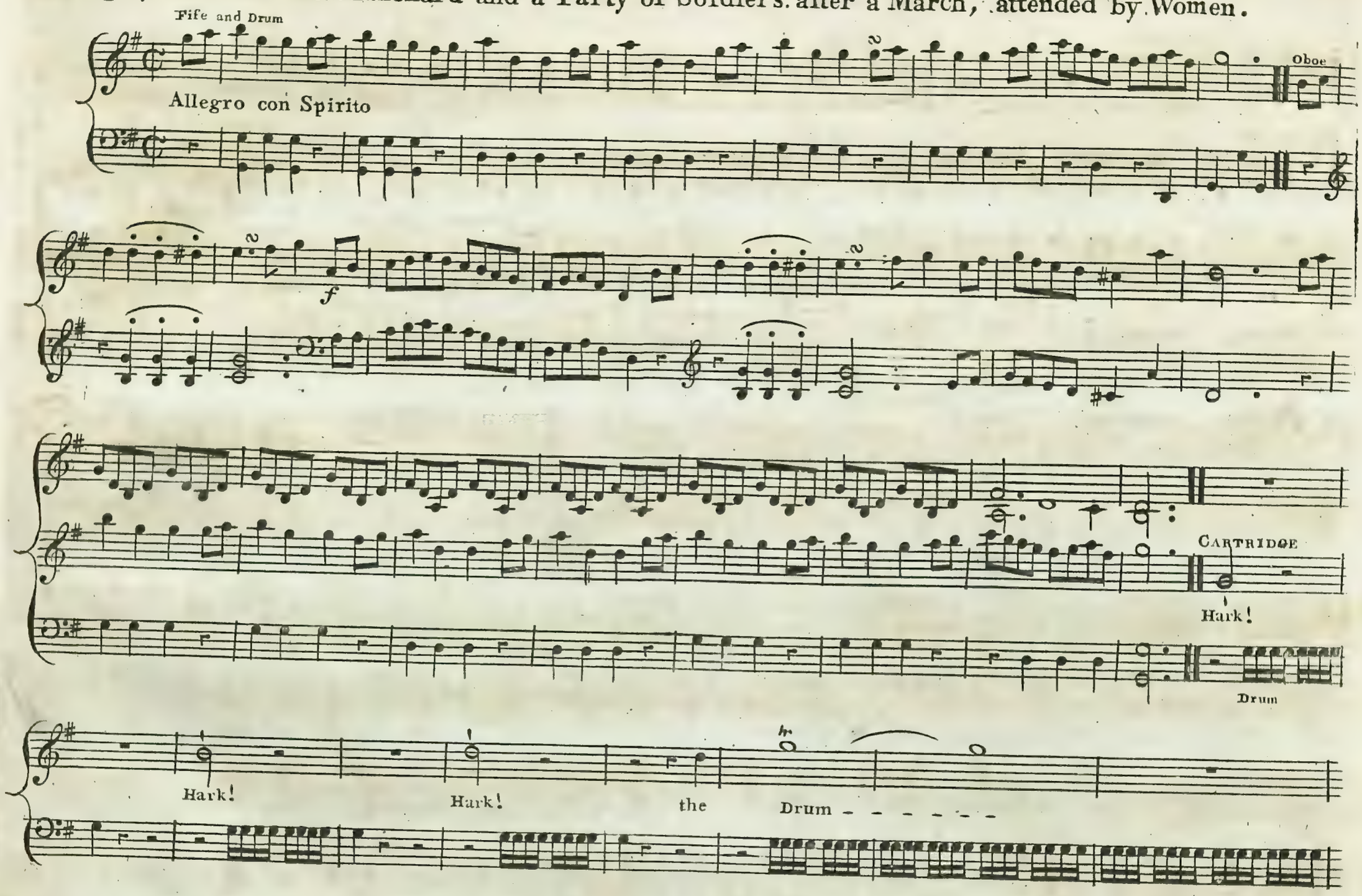
Quick Step




Oboe
p

Sung by Mr. Fawcet Mr. Blanchard and a Party of Soldiers. after a March, attended by Women.



PETER

Sure enough they come, Sure enough they come, I'll a-way, I'll a-way,

CART.

Prithee prithee

PETER

ſtay, I'll a-way,

CART.

Prithee ſtay, prithee ſtay, prithee prithee ſtay!

PETER

I must go,

CART.

No, no, no. I

PETER

CART.

must go, No, no, no.

Chorus

In Rain and in Sunshine and each change of weather, by Beauty up-cheer'd, we keep

Allegro

firmly to--gether; And ſince in our March we to--day have beat Sorrow, Let's hope he won't

Sym

find where our Tents are To--morrow.

f

Tempo Primo

But give young Peter welcome, pray, But give young Peter welcome, pray, You will not on a Summer's day find

out a Lad who's braver braver braver find out a Lad who's braver Farewell, farewell, we

ſoon ſhall meet a - - gain, We'll ſtrive your friends to en - ter - tain, We'll ſtrive your friends to en-tertain,

We'll ſtrive your friends to en - ter - tain, to en-tertain,

He ſeems a curious Shaver! He ſeems a curious Shaver!

Fife and Drum

PETER

How ſweet are their Voices, the Drum and the Fife! With music ſo rare I cou'd venture my life. How

Allegretto

ſweet are their Voices, the Drum and the Fife! With music ſo rare I cou'd venture my life. with

Fife

music ſo rare I cou'd venture my life!

f

Trumpet

Soldiers

Sometimes upon a Coast unknown By fate of War by fate of War we're ſudden thrown. Some

Sometimes upon a Coast unknown By fate of War by fate of War we're ſudden thrown Some

times upon a Coast unknown By fate of War we're ſudden thrown

Women

Still with you o'er the Seas we go, the clime the

times upon a Coast unknown By fate of War we're ſudden thrown

Still with you o'er the Seas we go, the clime the

dreary Country bear, and only deem that hardship woe In which we're not al-low'd to ſhare. In

Rain and in Sunshine and

dreary Country bear, and only deem that hardship woe In which we're not al-low'd to ſhare.

each change of weather, By Beauty up cheer'd, we keep firmly to-gether, And ſince in our march we to day have beat

Sorrow, Let's hope he won't find where our Tents are to morrow.

Sung by Mrs Clendining

Allegretto

Aria

fz p fz

Amidst the il - lusions that o'er the mind flutter, I

will not forget my true object of Love; At parting the fondest con - cern did he utter, I

left him, but yet this heart never shall rove, no never shall rove no no no no no no no no no this heart ne'er shall

rove, no no no no no no no no no no It never shall rove; f p A - -

f

fz p

midst the il - lusions that o'er the mind flutter I will not forget my true object of Love,

p fz

p

At parting the fondest Con - cern did he utter; I left him but yet this heart

fz

never fhall rove - - - - - - - - - O no no no no no no no no no this heart ne'er fhall rove - - - - - -

- - O no no no no no no no no no this heart ne'er fhall rove this heart never fhall no

f

neve fhall rove.

p

He bade me farewell and my fancy repeated his

fz p

tender expreſsions for many a day my fancy repeat - ed And I

think were I now unper-ciev'd near him ſeated, From his lips I ſhou'd ſtill hear the ſoft homage ſtray A-midst the illusions that

o'er the mind flutter I will not forget my true object of Love; fz At parting the fondest con-

-cern did he utter I left him but yet this heart never ſhall rove - - - - - O no no no no

no no no no no this heart ne'er ſhall rove - - - - - O no no no no no no no no no this heart never ne - - - ver

never ſhall rove no never ſhall rove.

fz

Duetto

Sung by Mr. Incledon and Mrs. Clendinning.

Andante con molto Espresſione

FIELDAIR

One one ſhort moment I em - brace- To Love an hallow'd vow to pay, Yet others viewing that bright face Like me may kneel may dare to pray O De - i - ty of this fond

Oboe

CLARA

breast Is thus some favour'd ri - val blest O no re - - ject each

Oboes

Horns

jealous fear A - - las no ri - val har - bours here O no re - ject re - - ject each

then de - part de - part each

f

Piu Lento

jealous fear no ri - - val harbours here

jealous fear no ri - - val harbours here

Tempo Primo

Piu Lento

2d. VERSE

No no tho' at the I - - dol's throne, A thousand in de - - vo - - tion

bend Ac - - cep - ta - ble from one a - - lone the facred off' - - ring can as -

- - cend But we must part Oh that fweet glance a -

dear girl a - - dieu Oh that fweet glance a -

-gain renew The tear too ſtarts the ſigh will ſwell once more my love once more fare-

-gain renew The tear too ſtarts the ſigh will ſwell once more my love once more fare-

-well Oh that ſweet glance a-gain a-gain re-new once more my love fare-

Piu Lento

-well Oh that ſweet glance a-gain a-gain re-new once more my love fare-

f

-well farewell fare-well

A-dieu

-well farewell fare-well

A-dieu

Oboe

Oboes

Horns and Baſſoons

Sung by Mr Munden

Oboe

Flute

f

tutti

f

CHAUNT Peregrine Forester

'Thro France 'thro all the German regions, I've

rang'd rare objects to dis - - co - - ver, Seen pretty women in fuch legions, I

All.o con Spirito

thought myself re - - turn'd to Dover. Brisk music made me gay And lively all the

way For no tunes dull that once was merry With him who loves the hey down derry down

derry down derry down derry down derry the hey down derry

The Spanish Belle I've fe - - re - - na - ded And

many a night with the fweet gui - - - - tar Beneath the lat - tice

grate pa - - ra - ded Now tinkle tinkle then jar, jar. lara - - - - - - - - - - - -

Fandango

Piz

Piz

Allegro

'Twas music made me gay And lively all the way For no tunes dull that once was merry With him who loves the

hey down derry down derry down derry down derry down derry the hey down derry

Oboe

CHAUNT

The Fair of I_ta_ly to capture A different ſtyle the men in_vent=o To her the Canzo_net gives rapture Nel

CANZONETTA

Grazioso

Cor piu non mi sento

Harp

All^{o} con Spirito

Such music has its day But is not in my way Yet no tunes dull that once was merry With

him who loves the hey down derry down derry down derry down derry down derry the hey down derry

Oboe

Round would the girls of Rufsia chatter And

view me o'er with looks of pleasure Their Cymbals founded clitter clatter And they tript in the fprightly measure

Pas Rufse

Round would the girls of Rufsia chatter hey only eye him what a wonder

All° con Spirito

Violins

Their cymbals founded clit clat clitter clatter clitter clitter clatter clatter

Cymbals

f *p* *f*

And the big drum rumbled thunder their cymbals founded clitter clatter clitter clatter clitter clitter

Drum

clatter And the big drum rumbled thunder the big drum rumbled thunder the

Drum

big drum rumbled thunder

Sung by Mr Incledon

Affettuoso

Bassoon Solo

O with my dearest Clara blest, this

moon - - light heath I'd fondly rove, And e - - ver - more the path the prest Shou'd

be re - - view'd with grateful Love.

The

Diminuendo

fweetest vir – tues ftore her mind To please – – – to animate to warm

Truth Pity Tenderneſs refin'd her beauty forms her humblest charm O

Cantabile

Horns Clar.ts and Bafsoons

Yet Angels visiting this fphere To

Flutes

Horn

prove they were of heav'n – – ly race And make the wond'ring world revere

Oboe

Clar

make the wond'ring world revere Wou'd wear the likenefs the likenefs of her

Face would wear the likenefs of her

Flutes Clar.ts Horns

Sung by Mr. Gray as an Officer

Face

Allegro furioso

Recit.

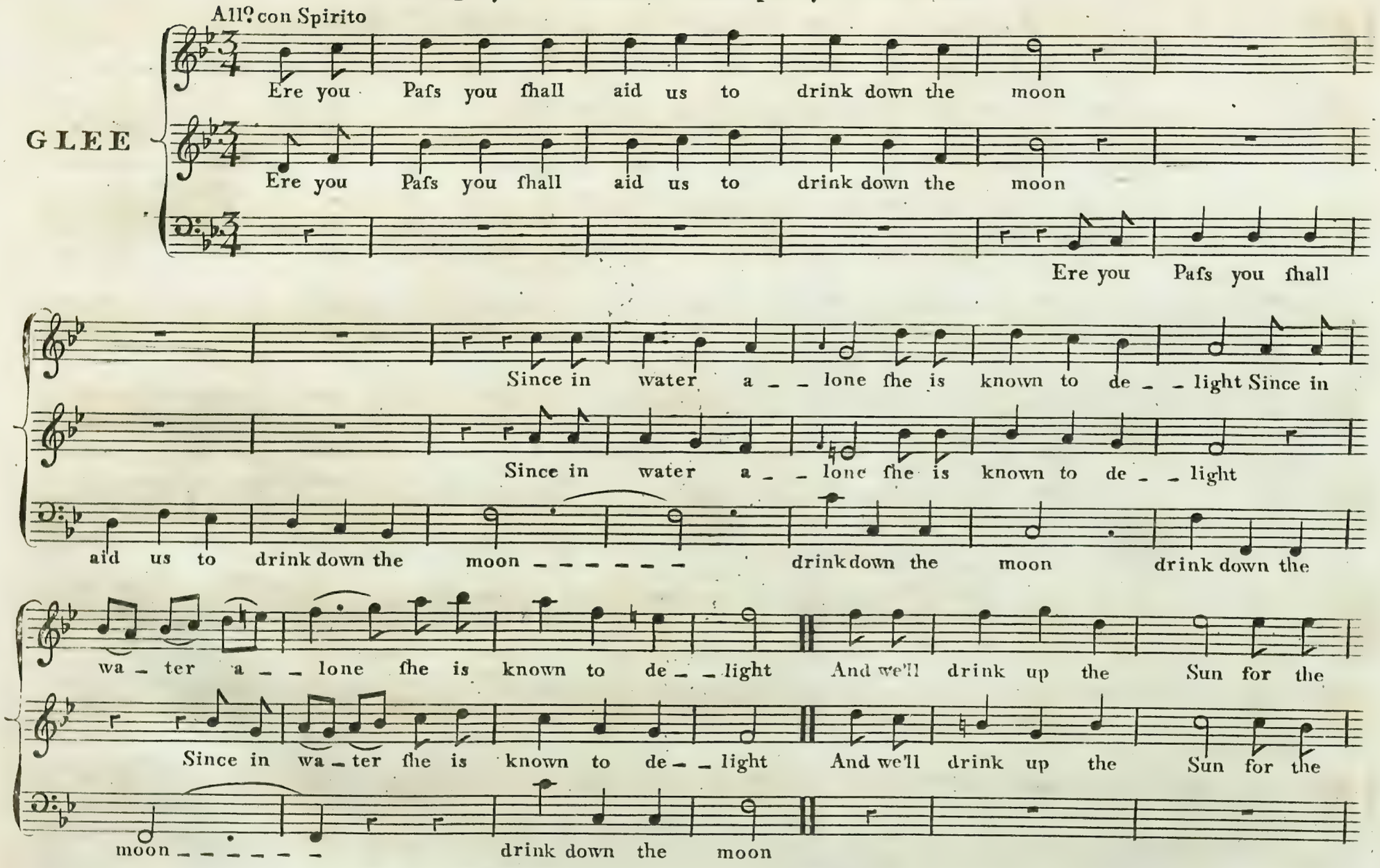
Ho! - who goes there? that thus com-

FIELDAIR

-plains A friend but cease your taunting ftrains

Segue Glee

Sung by Mr. Incledon and a party of Officers



Grape is his boon which he ripens by day to in_ _spire us at night Ere I

Grape is his boon which he ripens by day to in_ _spire us at night Ere you

which he ripens by day to in_ _spire us at night Ere you

pafs I will aid you to drink down the moon I will aid you to

pafs you fhall aid us to drink down the moon you fhall aid us to

pafs you fhall aid us to drink down the moon Ere you pafs you fhall aid us to

col expreſsione

drink down the moon Since in water a_ _lone She is known to de_ light_ _ _ And we'll

drink down the moon She is known to de_ light_ _ _ And we'll

drink down the moon She is known to de_ light_ _ _ And we'll

drink up the Sun for the Grape is his boon Which he ripens by day to in – spire us at

drink up the Sun for the Grape is his boon Which he ripens by day to in – spire us at

drink up the Sun for the Grape is his boon Which he ripens by day to in – spire us at

night to in – spire – – – – – us to in – spire – – – – us to in – – spire – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – cres

night to in – spire – – – – – – to in – spire – – – – – – to in – – spire – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – –

night to in – spire us – – – – to in – spire us – – – to in – spire – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – –

– – – – to in – spire us to in – spire us then drink up the

– – – – to in – spire us to in – spire us then drink up the

– – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – –

Sun for the Grape is his boon Which he ripens by day to in - spire us at night then drinkdown the

Sun for the Grape is his boon Which he ripens by day to in - spire us at night then drinkdown the

Sun for the Grape is his boon Which he ripens by day to in - spire us at night then drinkdown the

moon Since in water a - - lone fhe is known to de - light And drink up the

moon Since in water a - - lone fhe is known to de - light And drink up the

moon - - -

Sung by Mr. Quick

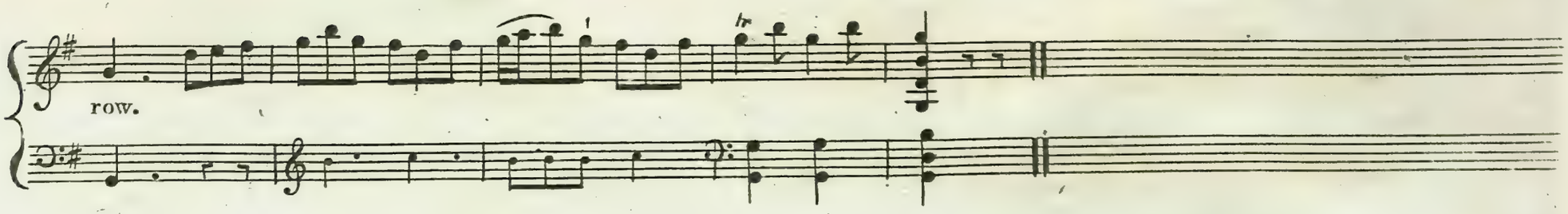
Allegretto

Girls fhy appear when men first leer And fteal aside as if to hide Girls fhy appear when men first leer And

fteal aside as if to hide But daring grown as things get known they giggle fimper niggle and whimper And

try to lure where ever they go The Squire the Jockey the Rake the Beau the young and the old ones the

timid and bold ones Yea with the grave Parson they carry the farce on And all are fnar'd in a



2d. Verse

Of Balls the pride thus Mifs i've ey'd the Minuet pace with blushing face

la ra - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Of Balls the pride thus Mifs i've ey'd the

Minuet pace with blushing face But ere the night had ta - ken flight i've

feen her ramping tearing tramping a - long the room in a countery dance Now figuring in with

bold advance here fetting and leering there crofsing and fleering And

when thats compleated Be - fore fhe'll be feated A mad Scotch Reel fhe must prance to tol

lol - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

The Pack Horse Bells
A Ballad

Sung by Mrs. Harlowe

Lively

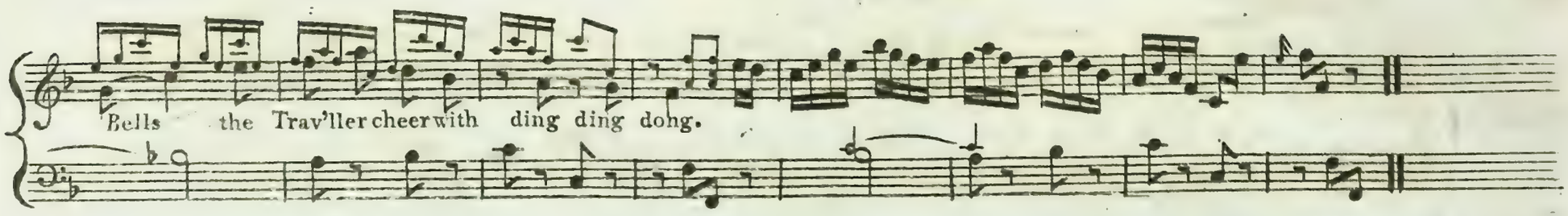
One

night while round the fire we ſat And talk'd of ghosts and ſuch like chat A ſtranger who had lost his road Till

day ſhould break im – plor'd abode Pack Horses 'twas his lot to guide a – –

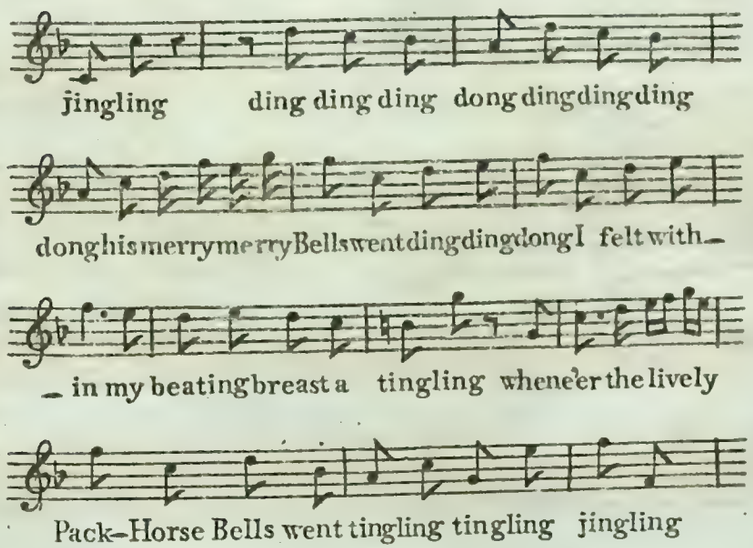
– – long Whose Bells the Trav'ller cheer with ding ding dong ding ding ding dong dong dong dong

ding his merry merry Bells went ding ding dong Pack Horses 'twas his lot to guide a – – long whose



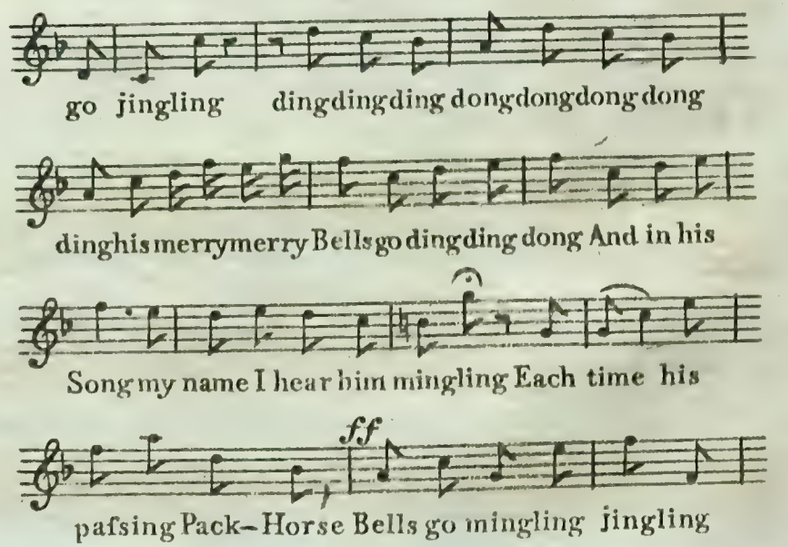
2

Against distrefs tho' we were poor
My father never fhut his door.
I know not how but from that day
Tho' form'd by nature brisk and gay
I felt within my breast a tingling
Whene'er the lively Pack-Horse Bells went



3

When first he wander'd to our nook,
His course, it feems, he had mistook;
Now, 'twice a week he comes that way,
But never tells us he's astray;
And, in his fong, my name I hear him mingling,
Each time his pafsing Pack-Horse Bells



Sung by Mrs. Clendining

Allegro

Violino 1

Violino 2

Viola

Basso

CLARA

Tho' by the tempest the bark rudely driven On the rock strikes and a sun - der is

riven and a fun - - - - - der is riven

Still the magnet in gulph'd in the main in gulph'd - - in the main Its Virtues unalter'd re -

- tain its Vir - tues un -

f

-al-ter'd re-tain its Vir-tues un-alter'd re--tain un-al-------ter'd retain

So the paſsion here poſsest Ne'er can

f

perish Ne'er can perish But its greetings, its greetings and fond beatings Will I

f

cherish midst the Storms - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - that rend the breast, So the passion ne'er can

perish But its greetings Will I cherish but its greetings And fond beatings Will I cherish

midst the Storms, midst the Storms that rend that rend this breast.

Sung by Mr. Fawcet and Mr. Blanchard.

Allegro

CARTRIDGE

Summon'd to the angry battle, By the drum's alarming rattle On we rush,

PETER

O worthy worthy comrade, Fighting furely is a rum trade, I hate riot, Give me quiet, So take back this

Offering his ſide Arms

ſteel I hate riot, Give me quiet, So take back this ſteel,

CARTRIDGE

Swift we march ſome town to humble,

Round the boist'rous cannon rumble rumble rumble

Walls are fapp'd with dreadful crashing

Swords en-

-gage with furious clashing,

Swords are clashing

Walls are crashing

Walls are fapp'd with dreadful crashing with furious

clashing

PETER

But ſhou'd the frightend

Women kneel,

You have ſoft-neſs ſoftneſs ſure to feel

CARTRIDGE

Now we creep upon the ſlumbers Of a Camp ten fold our numbers And tho' full enough to

PETER

eat us, Twice as many ſhall not beat us, Some are happy in es _ caping All concern of further waking Others panic ſtruck take flight Ecod I

think ſuch blades are right Ecod I think ſuch blades are right,

CARTRIDGE

Summon'd to the angry

PETER

battle, By the drum's alarming rattle, On we rush O worthy Comrade worthy Comrade, Fighting surely is a rum trade, I hate

riot, Give me quiet, So take back this steel, I hate riot, Give me quiet, So take back this steel, Swift we march to the town to

CARTRIDGE

humble, Round the boistrous Cannon rumble, Round the boistrous Cannon rumble rumble rumble;

Walls are fapp'd with dreadful crashing, Swords engage with furious clashing, Swords are clashing;

Walls are crashing, Swords en-gage with furious clashing, Walls are fapp'd with dreadful crashing, But fhould

PETER

frighten'd Women kneel, You have foft-nefs fure to feel, Now we creep upon the

CARTRIDGE

ſlumbers Of a Camp ten fold our numbers, And tho' full enough to eat us, Twice as many ſhall not

beat us, Some are happy in Es _ caping All concern of farther waking, Others panic ſtruck take flight, PETER E _ _ cod I

think ſuch blades are right, Ecod I think ſuch blades are right.

The Heaving of the Lead

A Ballad Sung by Mr. Incledon.

For England, when with fav'ring gale, Our gallant Ship up Channel fteer'd, And, fcudding under ea-sy fail, The

Espreſsivo

high blue western land appear'd: To heave the lead the Sea-man ſprung, And to the Pi-lot

f

Ad libitum

cheer-ly sung "BY THE DEEP—NINE!" BY THE DEEP-NINE!" To heave the lead the Seaman sprung And to the Pi-lot

Legato

cheerly sung "BY THE DEEP—NINE!"

f

2

And, bearing up, to gain the port,
Some well known object kept in view;
An Abbey-tow'r, an Harbour-fort,
Or Beacon, to the Vessel true:
While oft the lead the Seaman flung,
And to the Pilot cheerly sung,
"BY THE MARK—SEVEN!"

3

And, as the much lov'd shore we near,
With transport we beheld the roof,
Where dwelt a Friend, or Partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof!
The lead once more the Seaman flung,
And to the watchful Pilot sung,
"QUARTER-LESS—FIVE!"

FINALE

Allegro

FIELDAIR

The hour with dis__as_ter and forrow o'er_cast Not a mi_nute be__ yond its fix'd

limit can last

CLARA

Then why waste a fecond in fte__ril re_gret And in counting o'er

Repeat the 2d part to each Verse in Chorus

troubles we ought to for_get

2d. Verse

CARTge. PETER BOTH SUSAN

Brisk wine Brisk wine and the mirth pointed jeer The ſonnet The ſonnet and

CARTge. PETER CARTge. PETER

Beauty's ſoft leer Shall cheer up ſhall cheer up the flight of Old Time And re – ſtore and re –

sym

– ſtore him a – gain to his prime

3d. Verse

SUSAN CLARA

Let the Virgin and Youth in the feſtive dance rove And wear on their foreheads the

SIR G. FORESTER

myrtles of Love And when old age ap – proaches give proof while they ſing That the last month in

sy

winter is nearest to ſpring

4th. Verse

FIELDAIR CARTge.

With the pipe with the pipe of the paſtoral ſwain Be u – – ni – – ted u – – nited the

CLARA

fifes ſhriller ſtrain And may Peace in our Isle in our Isle fix her throne And no more And no

sy

more by her pinions be known.

Semi Chorus

Let the Vir_gin and Youth in the festive dance rove And wear on their foreheads the myrtles of

Let the Vir_ gin in the festive dance rove And wear on their foreheads the myrtles of

Let the Vir_gin and Youth in the festive dance rove And wear on their foreheads the myrtles of

Love And when old age ap_proaches give proof while they sing That the last month in winter is nearest to

Love And when old age ap_proaches give proof while they sing That the last month in winter is nearest to

Love And when old age ap_proaches give proof while they sing That the last month in winter is nearest to

tutti

spring Let the Virgin and Youth in the festive dance rove And wear on their foreheads the

spring Let the Virgin and Youth in the festive dance rove And wear on their

myrtles of Love And when old age ap_proaches give proof while they fing That the last month of

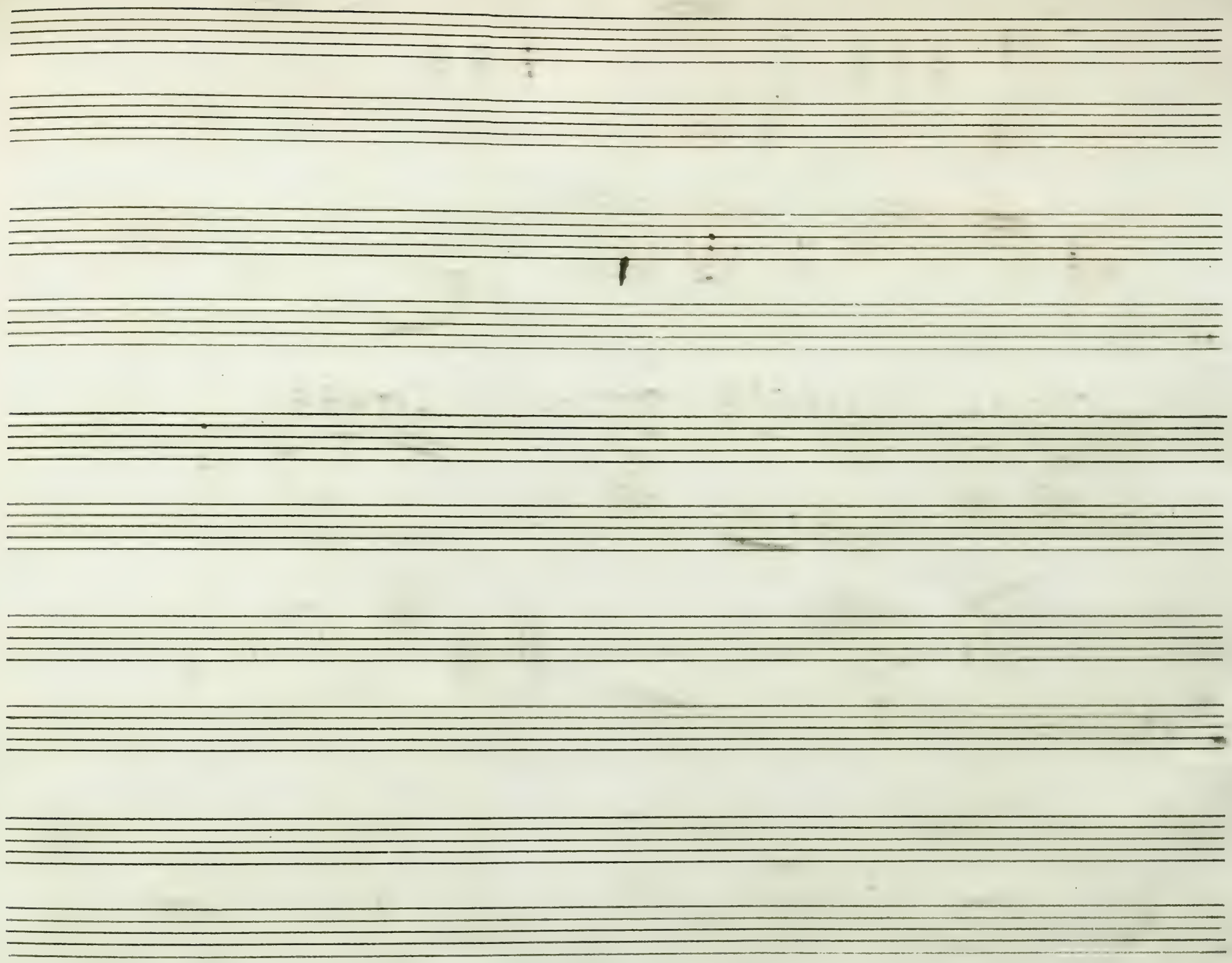
foreheads myrtles ap_proaches give proof while they fing of

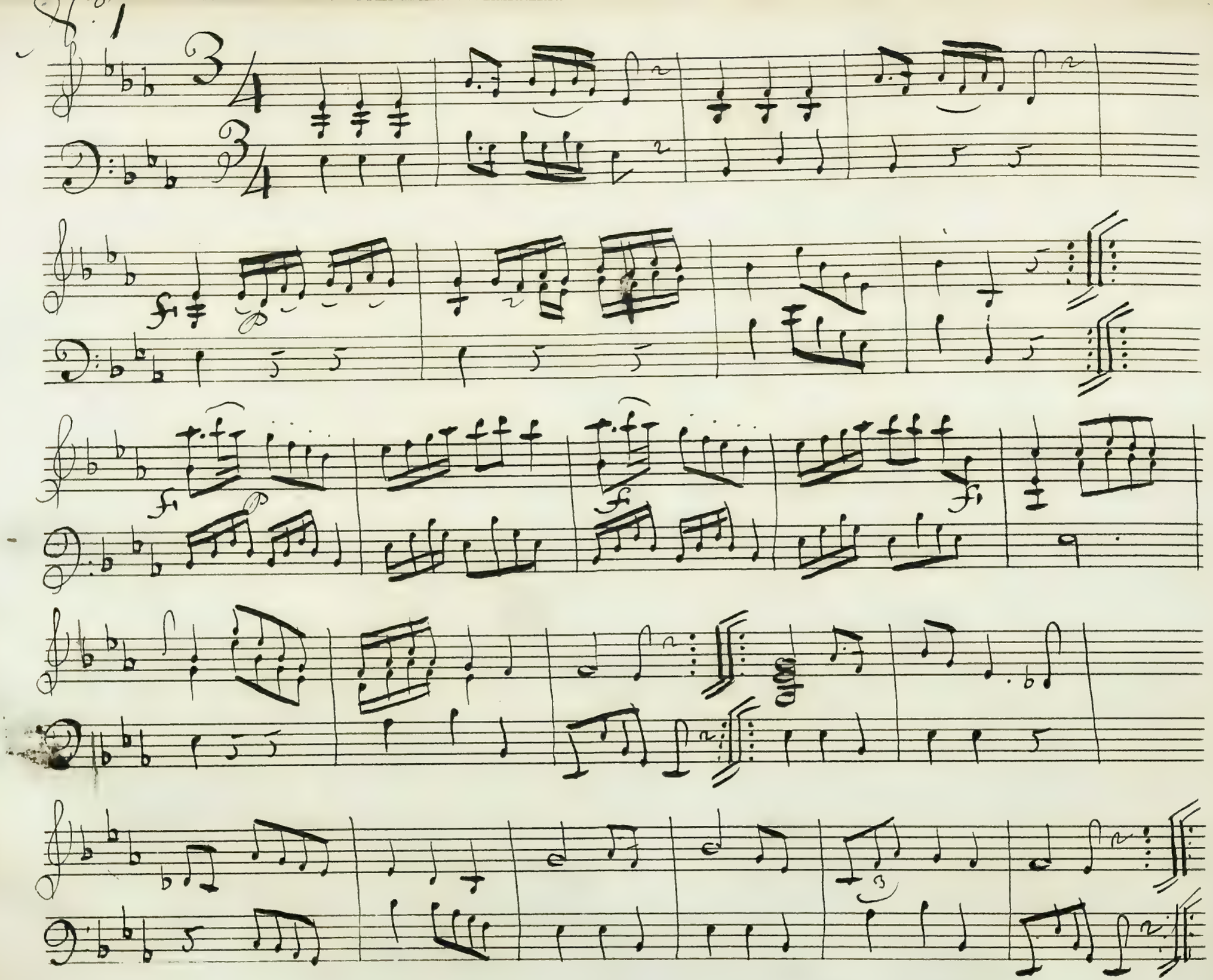
winter is nearest to fpring is near__est to fpring is near__est to fpring

winter is nearest to fpring is near__ est to fpring is near__est to fpring

To Her Royall Highness
The Princess Elizabethe

H60/6
Tem 1510





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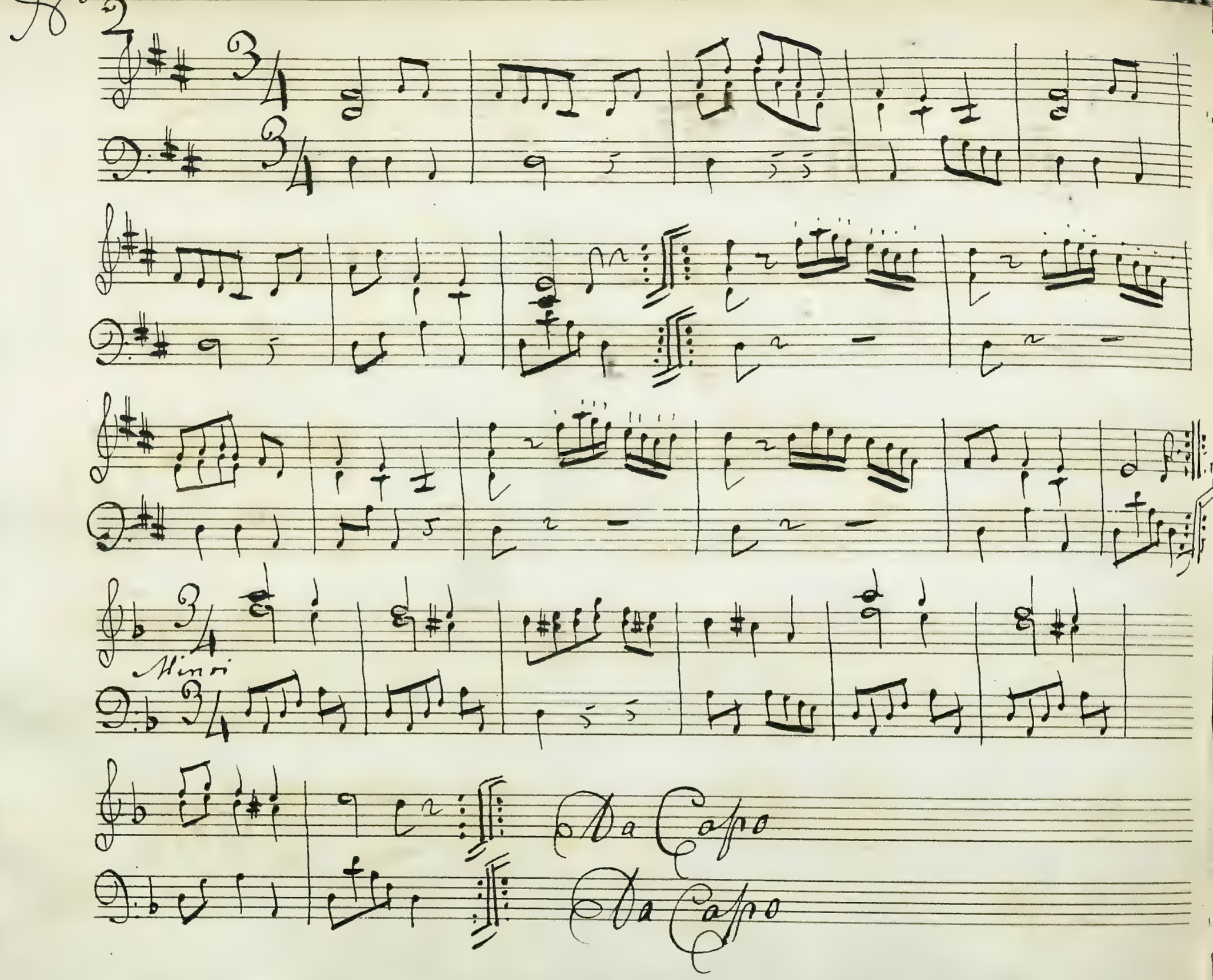
Minori
Da Capo
Da Capo

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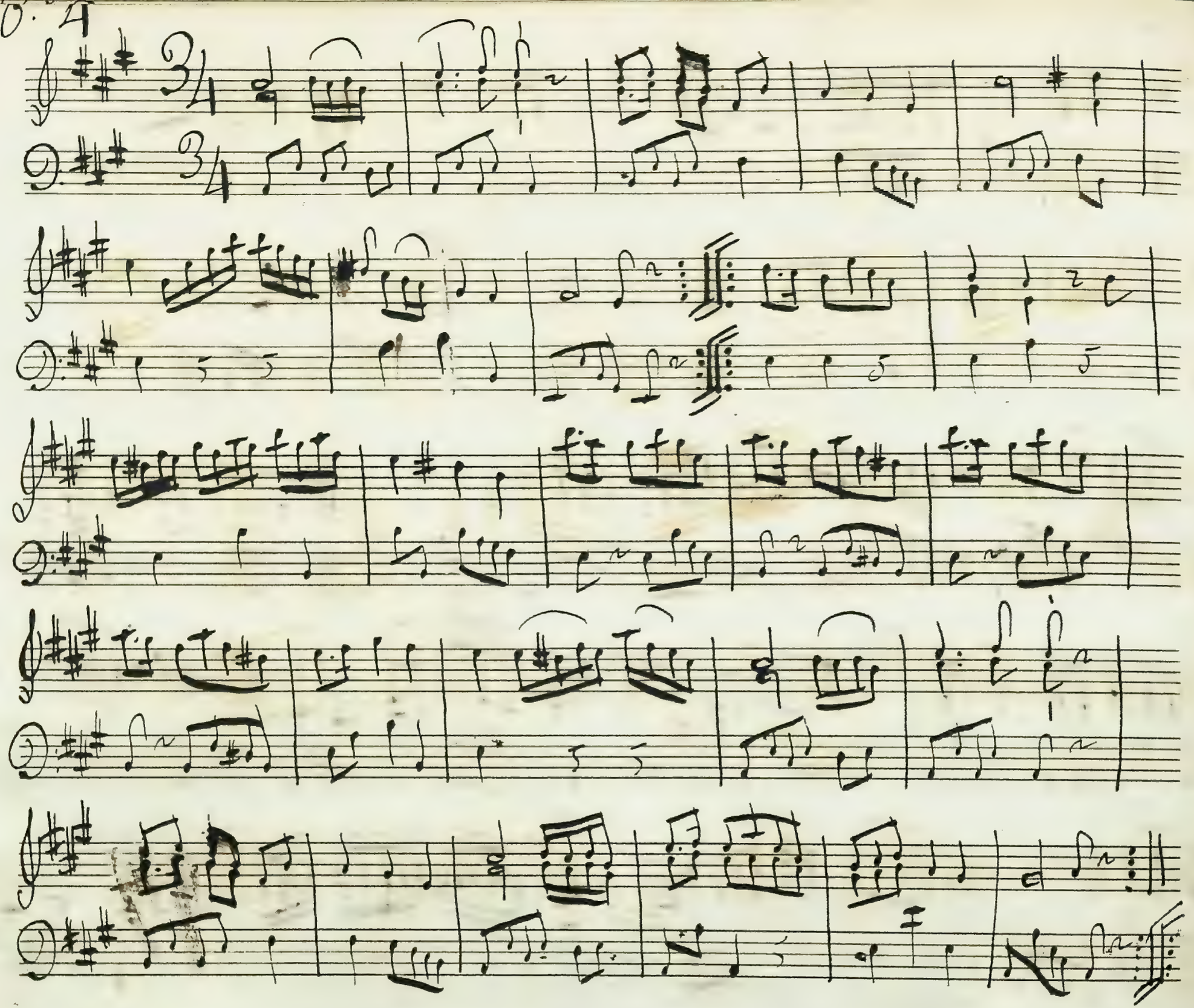

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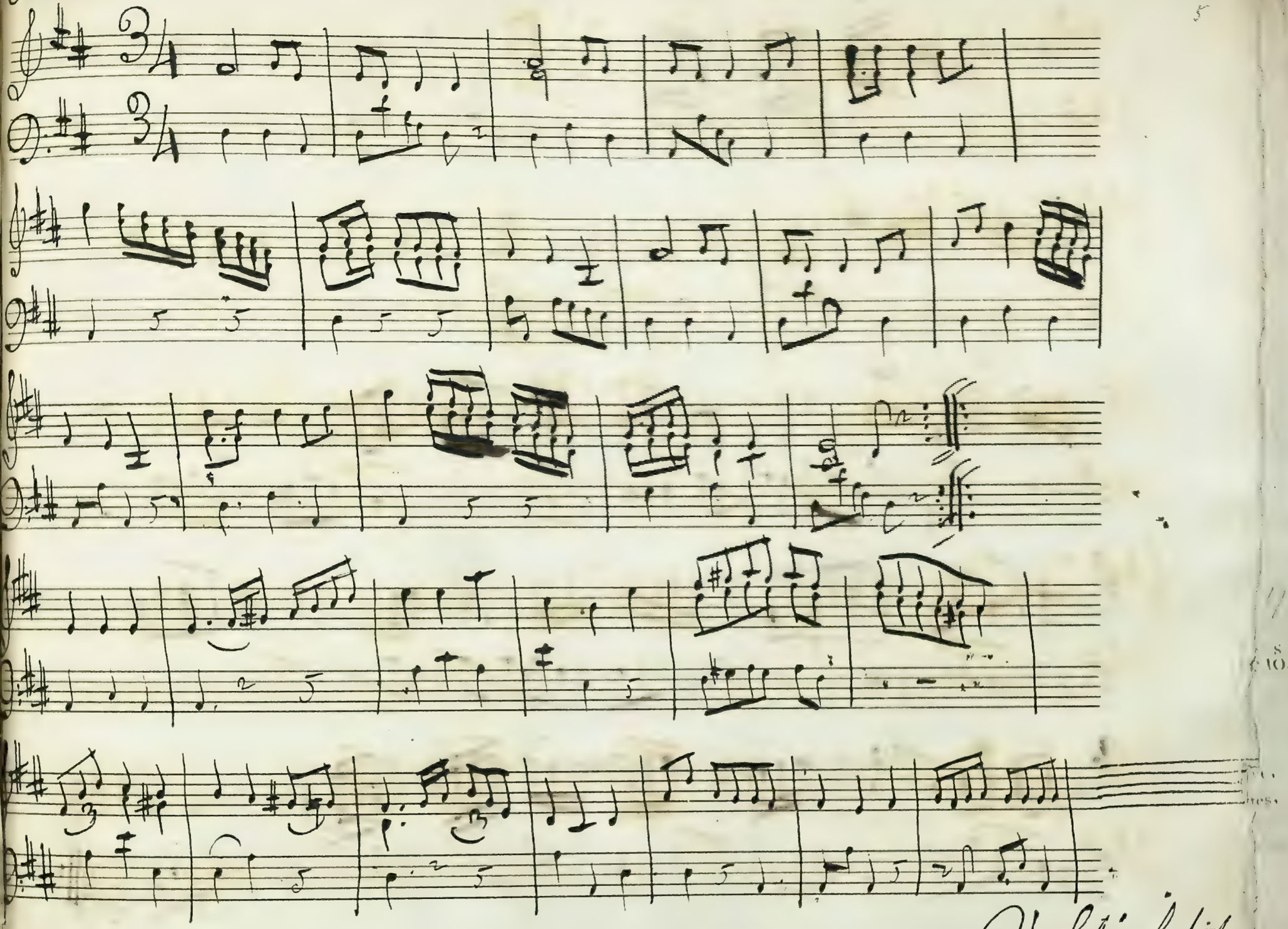

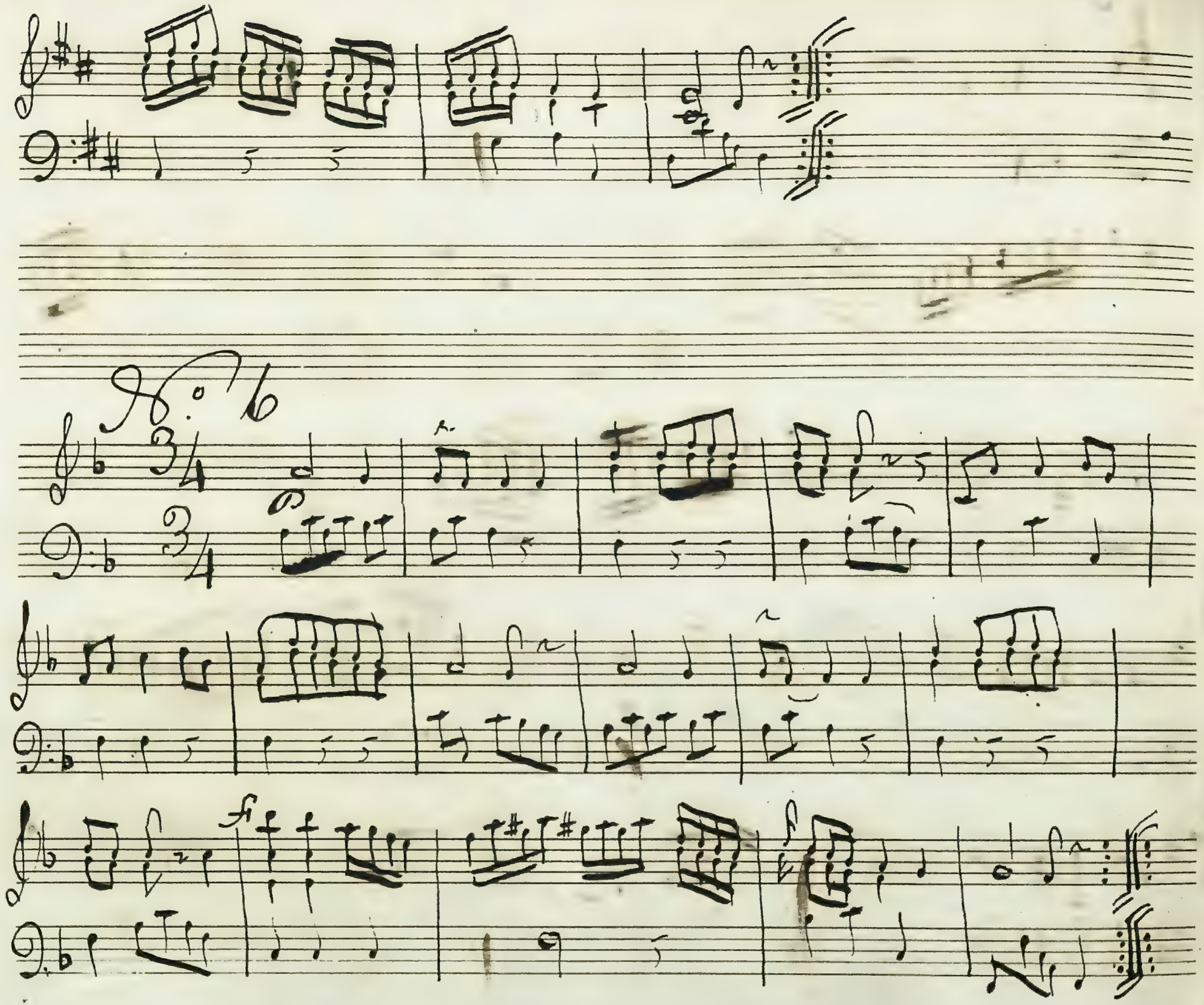
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The Highland Reel,

A

MUSICAL ROMANCE,

as it is Performed at the

Theatre Royal Covent Garden

Selected & Composed by

WILL.M S.HIELD.

The Words by J. O'Keefe Esq.r

1788.

Price 10.s 6

Entered at Stationers Hall.

LONDON

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Price 1s.

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for

pia

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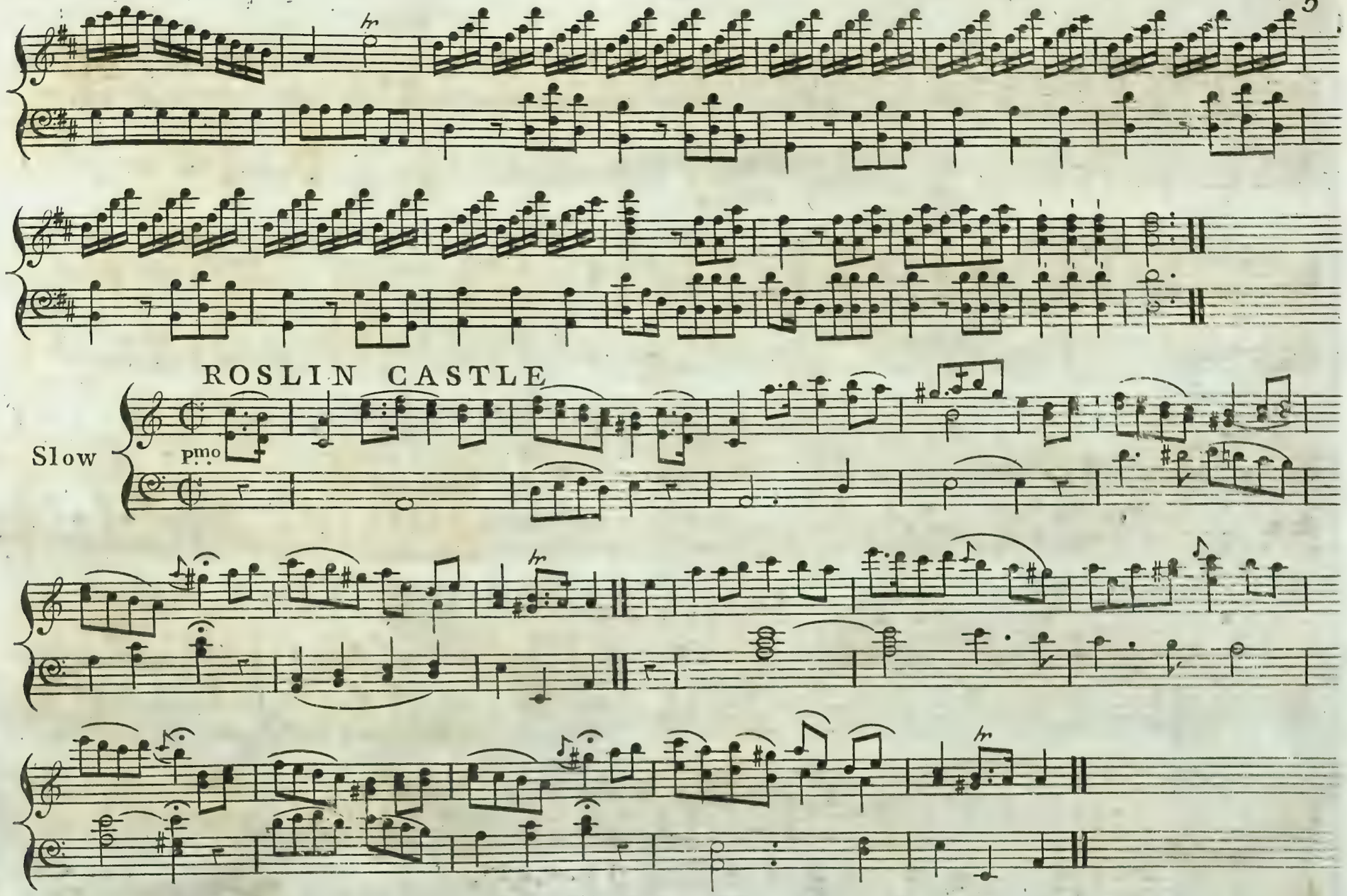
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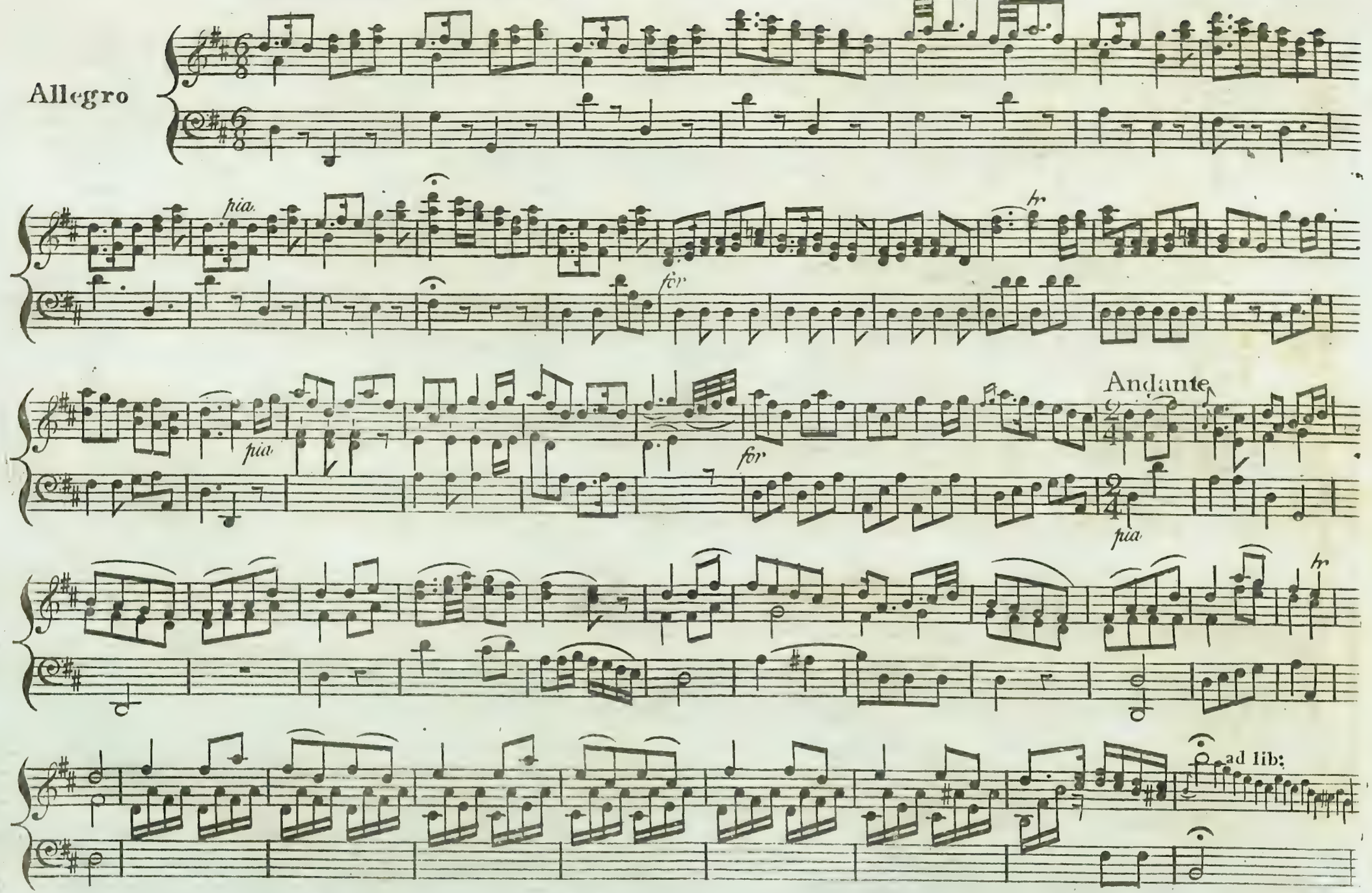
SCOTCH MEDLEY.



Allegro

for

hr

pia

Presto

for

hr

pia

hr

for

V.S.

Minore

for

pia

for

pia

hr

Majore

for

hr

hr

Fmo

p

p

p

p

Sung by Mr. Blanchard and Miſs Fontenelle

Allegretto

Corno 1mo

Corno 2do

(Charley)

The Lamb and the Hei..fer, are taking their reſt,

(Moggy)

The Lark and the Sparrow lye ſnug in their neſt.

pia.

Flute and oboe

Horns

Char: Puſ..sy dozes and ſo does my Doggy,

Mog: ſo does my Doggy,

Char: all are ſleeping but Charley and Moggy.

Mog. Horns

Mog: We wake to love be..fore it is Day,

Char: Come my dear..eſt I

Mog. come my dear we muſt be tripping a...way.

Duetto

We wake to Love be - - fore it is day. I come my dear we muſt be trip - ping a -

We wake to Love be - - fore it is day come my dear - eſt. we muſt be trip - ping a -

way.

way.

for

for

2

(Moggy) . . No Portion dear Charley if I marry thee,
My little old Daddy will give unto me,
Will love cool if you take me ſo barely?

(Charley) . . Moggy in her Smicket is welcome to Charley.
We wake to love &c. &c.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

Scherzando

(Shdty)

sf

When I've mo - ney I am mer - ry when I've none I'm ve - ry fad when I'm fober

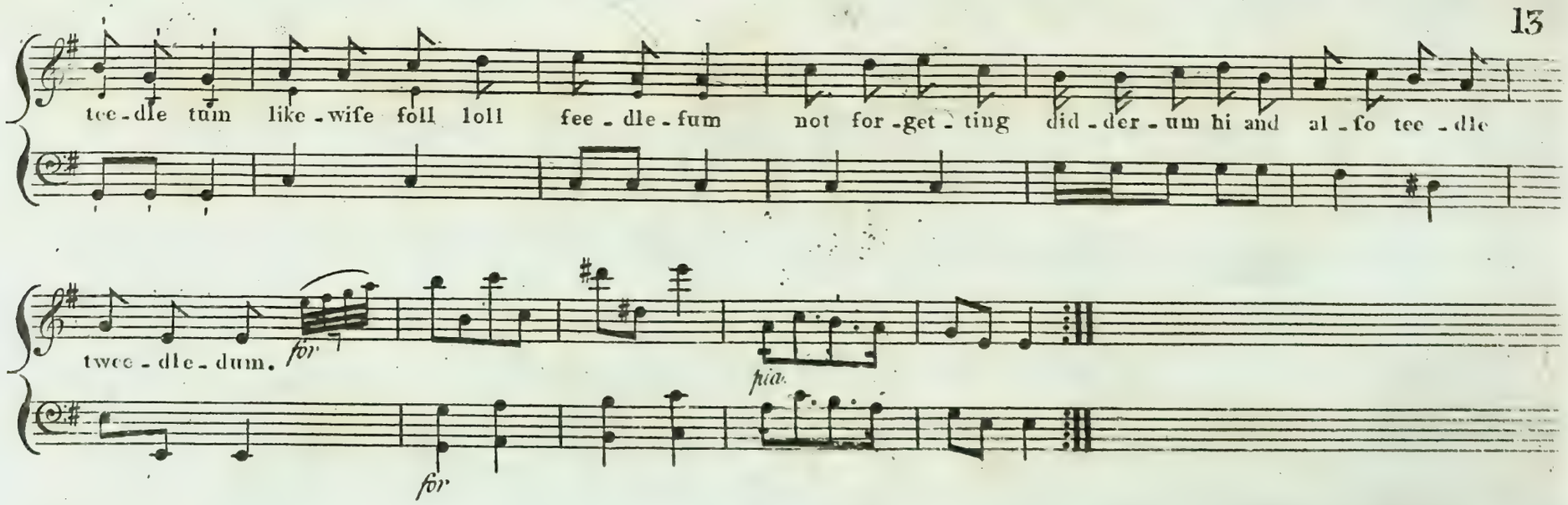
I am civ - il when I'm drunk I'm roar - ing mad. When I've money I am mer - ry when I've none I'm

Bafsoons

ve - ry fad, when I'm fo - ber I am civ - il when I'm drunk I'm roar - ing mad, with my ri - - tol

Stac:

tutti



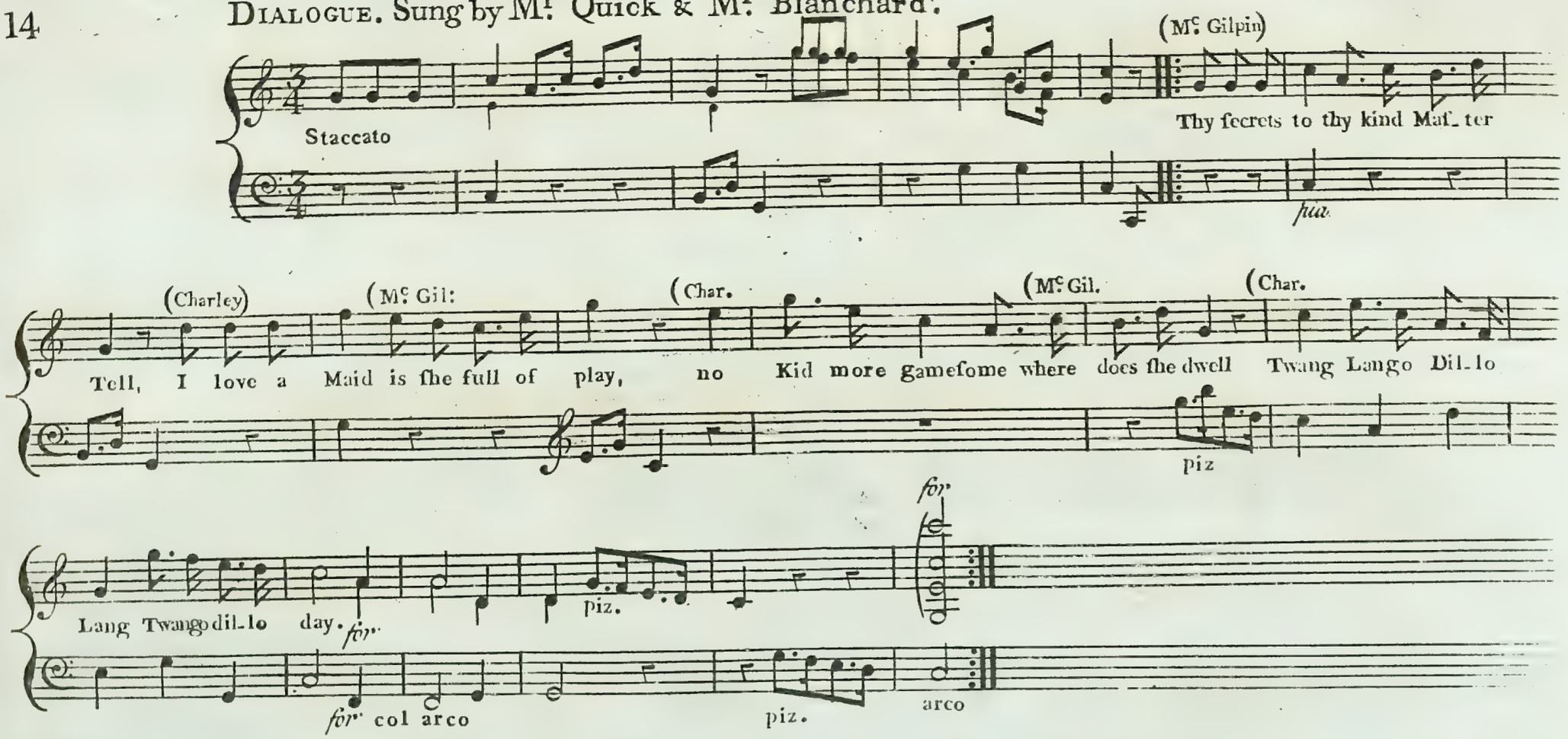
2

When disputing with a puppy,
I convince him with a rap,
When I'm romping with a Girl,
By accident I tear her Cap,
Gadzooks I'll never marry.
I'm a Lad thats bold and free,
Yet I love a pretty Girl,
A pretty Girl is fond of me,
With ritol teedle dum &c.

3

There's a Maiden in a Corner,
Round and found and plump and fat,
She and I drink Tea together,
But no matter Sir for that,
If this Maiden be wi' bairn,
As I do suppose shé'll be,
Like good PAPPY I must learn,
To dandle Jacky on my knee,
With ritol teedle-dum. &c.

DIALOGUE. Sung by Mr. Quick & Mr. Blanchard.



2

Mr. Gil: . . . . If you're in love Boy you're not to blame,

Char: . . . As much kind ſir I have heard you ſay,

I love my Charming

Mr. Gil: . . . . . Ay_ what's her name?

Char: . . . . . Twang Lango Dillo, Lang Twango Dillo day.

3

Char: . . . . . My Chriſtmas Box

Mr. Gil: . . . . . Oh I underſtand

Thy faithful ſervices I'll repay,

Here's five bright ſhillings

Char: . . . . . And here's my hand

Mr. Gil: . . Twang Lango Dillo, Lang Twango Dillo day.

15 blank

Piz. Sung by Mr. Johnſtone.

Col arco

Clar.

Piz.

Oh had I Allan Ramſay's Art to

ſing my Paſsion ten - der in ev'ry verſe ſhe'd read my heart ſuch ſoothing ſtrains I'd ſend her, ñor his nor gentle Rizzio's aid to

col arco

ſhew is all a fol - ly how much I love the charming Maid ſweet Jane of Grif - ſi - po - ly ſhe makes me know what all deſire, ſo

Clar.

col arco

piz.

piz.

clar: col vo ce

roguiſh are her glances, her modeſt Air then checks my fire and ſtops my bold advances meek as the Lamb on yonder Lawn yet

arco

by her conquer'd wholly, for ſprightly as the bounding Fawn, ſweet Jane of Griſsipo - - ly.

Bassoon

ten.

My ſenſes ſhe's bewilder'd quite, I ſeem an am'rous ninny,
A letter to a friend I write for Sandy I ſign Jenny,
Laſt Sunday when from Church I came with looks demure and holy,
I cried, when aſk'd the Text to name 'twas Jane of Griſsipoly,
My Jenny is no fortune great and I am poor and lowly,
A ſtraw for pow'r and grand Eſtate her perſon I love ſolely,
From evtry ſordid ſelfiſh view ſo free my heart is wholly,
And ſhe is kind and I am true ſweet Jane of Griſsipoly.

Sung by Miſs Reynolds.

Andante

Such pure de--light, my bo-ſom knows my

pia.

thanks are due, to heav'n and thee.

ſuch pure de-light, my

bo-ſom knows my thanks are due to heav'n and thee

with grati--tude my

heart o'er - - - - flows kind Agent of its Cle - men - - - cy. fuch pure de - light, my

bo - - fom knows my thanks are due to heav'n and thee.

Hu - - mani - ty thou good thou good fu - - preme to chace the Orphans tear a - way. to chace the or - - - phans

pia.

tear a - - - - - way hu - - - mani - ty thou good fupreme to chace the Or - - - - - phans tear - - - - a - - way. the a - - -

--- like the bright all Chearing Beam brings comfort from the God --- of day ---------- the

God of day brings com - fort from the God --- of day brings com -- fort from ---

--- the God --- of day. from the God --- of day.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone Mr. Edwin and Miss Reynolds.

Allegro

(Jenny) Ex - - cuse a fond maidens con-

(Shelty) - - fess - ion her blushes ex-hi-bit her bliss (Sandy) my Joy is too great for expression sup - pose (Shelty) then you speak in a kiss.

(Jenny Af - - fections most pure now u - - - nite us Chaste plea - sures now waits to de - light us (Sandy Shelty the

Mu - sic and Bot - tle I'll bring (Jenny the finch and the Linnet in - vite us fond (Shelty Turtles shou'd pair in the spring.

Chos

Chorus

Jenny. Af - - fection moſt pure now u - - nite us chaſte pleaſures now wait to de - - light us the mu-ſic and bot-tle now

Sandy. Af - - fection moſt pure now u - - nite us chaſte pleaſures now wait to de - - light us the mu-ſic and bot-tle now

Shelty. Af - - fection moſt pure now u - - nite us chaſte pleaſures now wait to de - - light us the mu-ſic and bot-tle now

Baſso

bring, the Finch and the Linnet in - vite us fond Turtles ſhou'd pair in the ſpring.

bring the Finch and the Linnet in - vite us fond Turtles ſhou'd pair in the ſpring.

bring the Finch and the Linnet in - vite us fond Turtles ſhou'd pair in the ſpring.

Sandy . . . . . Let Laſses purſue your Example
Jenny . . . . . The youths may take pattern by thee
Shelty . . . . . You give me of love ſuch a ſample
Oh married I'll certainly be.
Jenny . . . . . Oh what is the gay blooming flower
Sandy . . . . The Tranſient ſweets of the hour
Both . . . . . Compar'd to the Charms of the mind,
Shelty . . . . . Good humour to charm has the power
When Time leaves no beauties behind.

(Coro:) Oh what is &c. &c.

Good humour good humour to charm has the pow'r, good humour good humour to charm us has pow'r, good humour to charm us has

Good humour - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - good humour good humour to charm us has pow'r, good humour to charm us has

Good humour good humour to charm has the pow'r, good humour - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - good humour to charm us has

pow'r when time leaves no beauties be - - hind, when, time. when time leaves no beauties be - hind.

pow'r when time leaves no beauties be - - hind, when, time. when time leaves no beauties be - hind.

pow'r when time leaves no beauties be - - hind, when, time. when time leaves no beauties be - hind.

Sung by Mr. Bannifter &c.

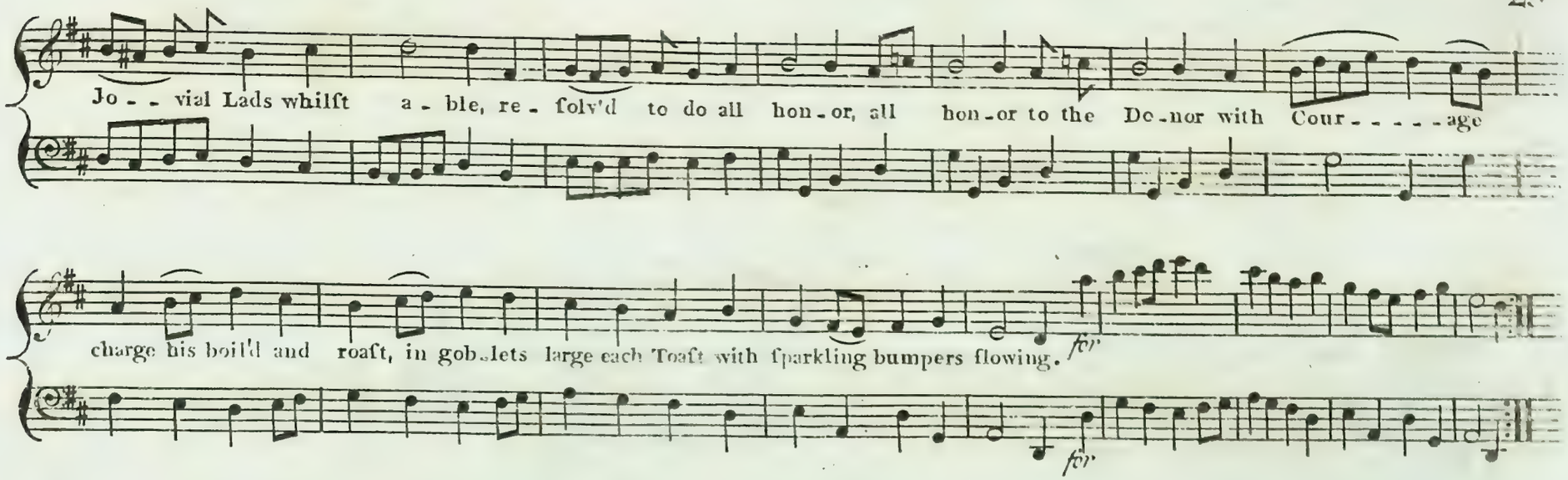
Maeftofo

For

Soldiers the Feaft pre - pare pre - - pare pre - - pare who freinds - - pro - - tect and foes an - noy. What

war has won lets now en - joy good Cheer bright mirth be - ftowing for Sir Loin firft well nobly

dare we'll nob - ly dare, our hoft looks round his Ta - ble, his breaft with freindfhip glow - ing we



Let Drums beat and Fifes sound shrill
Ye Clarions lend your sweetest notes,
Ye Trumpets rend your silver throats,
Proclaim in war-like measure
When the racy bowl we fill
The fair shall do their duty
And sip its balmy treasure
Touch'd by the lip of beauty
'Tis now a draught for Hector, 'tis Nectar,
The Gods delight heres wine and love
Like Mars who fight thou'd kiss like Jove
By turns the Soldiers pleasure.

Chorus

for *mf.*

Let Drums beat and fifes found thrill drums beat fifes found ye Clar - - - rions lend your fweet - eft

Let Drums beat and fifes found thrill fifes found ye Clar - - - rions lend your fweet - eft

Let Drums beat and fifes found thrill drums beat fifes found drums beat fifes found ye Clar - - - rions lend your fweet - eft

for *mf.*

for

notes. now Trumpets rend your filver - throats pro - claim in war - like meafure. *for*

notes now Trumpets rend your fil - - ver throats in war - like meafure.

notes now Trumpets rend your fil - ver throats pro - claim in war - like meafure.

for *for*

for *pia*

when the ra - cy bowl we fill the bowl we fill the fair fhall do their du - - ty and

when the ra - - - cy bowl we fill the fair fhall fip fhall fip it's

when the ra - cy bowl we fill when the ra - cy bowl we fill the fair fhall do their du - - ty and

pia *pia*

pia.s *for.*

ſip its bal-my Treaſure touch'd by the lip of beau - - ty 'tis now a draught for Hec - tor for

bal - - - my Treaſure touch'd by beau-ty it is now a draught for Hec - tor for

ſip its balmy Treaſure touch'd by the lip of beau - - - - ty 'tis now a draught for Hec - tor it is

pia.s *for.*

Hec-tor 'tis Nec - - tar the Gods de - light here's wine and love like Mars who fight ſhou'd kiſs like Jove by

Hec-tor 'tis Nec - - tar the Gods de - light here's wine and love like Mars who fight ſhou'd kiſs like Jove by

Nectar it is now a draught for Hec - - - tor, here's wine and love like Mars who fight ſhou'd kiſs like Jove by

Sy.

turns the Soldiers pleaſure.

turns the Soldiers pleaſure.

turns the Soldiers pleaſure.

(End of the 1st Act)

Act 2d.

Sung by Miſs Reynolds.

Allegretto

Stac.

sf.

Jenny

What Rap-ture to think on the times I have ſeen, on May-day I firſt ſaw my

Love on this green ſo charming his face and com-- mand-ing his Mein the King was my Lover, and

Jenny his Queen

for

The garland preſented by Sandy, more ſweet from the maker 'twas

sf.

pia.

for

sf.

San-dy So char-ming his face yet com-mand-ing his Mein the King was my Lover and

Jen-ny his Queen, the Gar-land pre-fen-ted by San-dy more fweet from the maker 'twas Sandy.

Flute

Flute

A fide-look I threw on my lover by chance,
Which foon he return'd with as tender a glance,
My heart leap'd with Joy when I faw him advance,
And well did I guefs 'twas to lead up the dance,
For none danc'd fo neat as my Sandy,
In all things compleat is my Sandy.

Beneath a gay woodbine with myrtles entwin'd,
On cowflips and vilets one Ev'ning reclin'd,
So charming a place and a feafon fo kind,
He artfully chofe to difcover his mind,
So fweet were the vows of my Sandy.
I then exchang'd hearts with my Sandy.

Sung by Mifs Fontenelle

(Moggy)

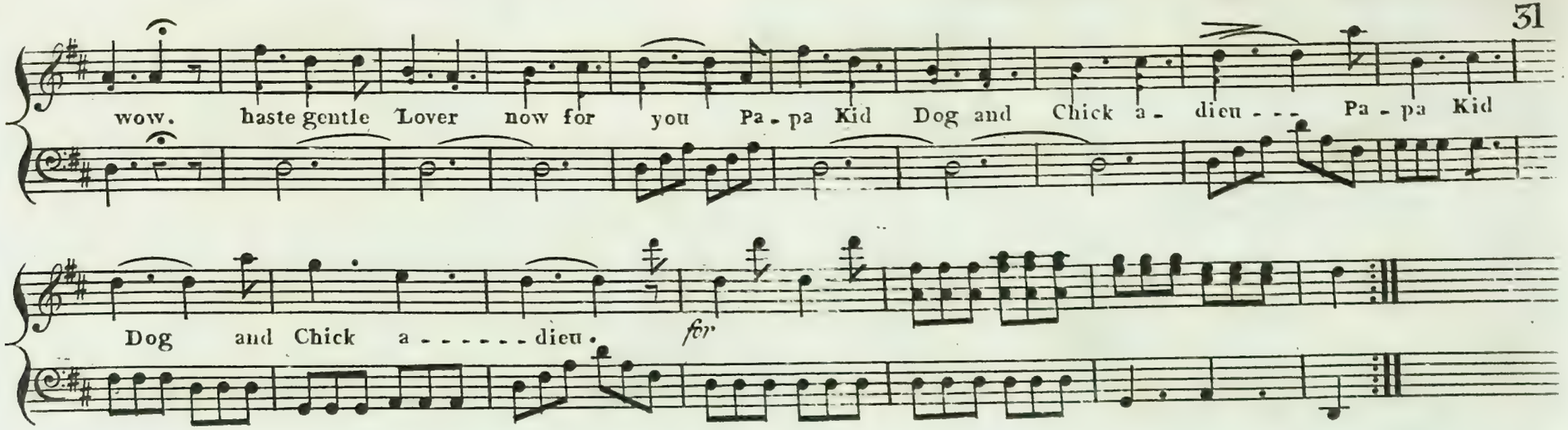
My Fathers houfe is neat and nice my little

Cuz-zen Par-ra-dice my chamber deck'd with Trinkums fine my window grac'd with Jefsa-mine. I have a black-bird

gay oh he's a pretty fel-low he whiftles fweet and mel-low the live--long---- day--- my

--play--- full Kid handfome pets I've ma-ny my wanton bounding, wanton trifking Nanny, yet I love

none half fo well as Char-ley's Gift my dear Fi--dell my little Fi--dell my pretty Fi-dell bow wow bow wow bow wow bow



In Town I'll be, my Glafs can tell
A monftrous Flaming married Belle
The foremoft in all gamefome bouts,
At Opra's, Plays, and Balls and Routs:
All in my Plumage fine
Around the fmarts fhall flutter
Around me what a Clutter
"She's all divine"
They fing, they Dance, to pleafe me how they caper!
Whilft rivals challenge, huff and vapour,
As birds all welcome here to woo
For Charley's fake begone Cuckoo,
I'll ne'er create my fpoufeys fhame
To finge my wings About the Flame.

Sung by Miſs Reynolds

Accompt

Allegro

Spirito

dolce

for

pia.

dolce

for

pia.

for

PP.

for

pia.

for

pia.

The bleak - - - - - - - - - - - - - wind whiſt - - - les o'er the Main. The Seaman trols - - - his

PP

pocof.

pia.

for

pia.

for

pia.

Jo - - vial ſong The Sea - man trols his Jo - - - - - - - vial Song. He'll ſee his faith - - - full

for

pia.

for

Maid a-- gain and blyth his tall Ship rolls a--long

for

for *fr* *sf* *pia*

rolls a-----long

sf *pia*

sf *pia*

From the maſt head the Cliff he ſpies his Joys --- in pleaſing hopes ex-- pand the Tem-peſt roars the

sf *pia*

cres for

Bil - - lows rife, in vain he tacks to make the land, re - -

cres for

- - lent - - - - lefs bra - - kers guard the Coaft his hope, his Ship.

pia cres

for PP F P oboe

himfelf is loft.

for PP F P

The bleak wind whift - - - les o'er the Main. The Seaman trols - - - - - - his Jo - - vial Song,

for pia for pia

for pia

the Seaman trols his Jo - - - vial Song. he'll see his faithful Maid a - - gain - - -

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

for

Shelty oboe Solo

Boys when I play

Bassoons

Bagpipe Drone

cry Oh. Cri - mi - ni Shel - ty's Chaun - ter Squeak - er - im - in - i in love tunes I'm so Em - pha - ti - cal

h.

Fingers shak - ing Quaver at - ti - cal. *fp*

tutti

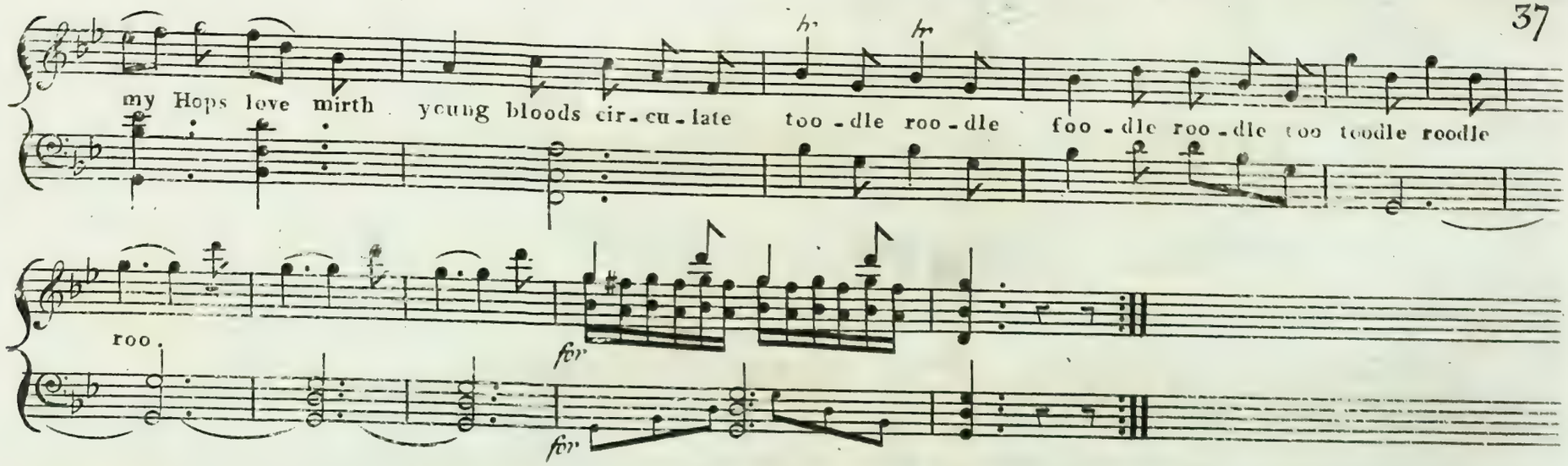
oboe Solo

With A - gil - i - ty

hat.

Bassoons & Horns

grace gen - til - i - ty. Girls shake heel and Toe Pipes I tickle so my Jiggs fill a Pate tit - ti - late pret - ty mate



Oh my chaunter founds fo prettilly,
Sweeter far than pipes from Italy,
Crofs the Tweed I'll bring my Tweedledum,
Striking foreign Flute and Fiddle dumb,
Modern Rizzis fo,
Pleafe Ma'ams Mifses tho,
Peers can merry ftrum,
Act Plays very rum
I'll puff at Square Hanover
Can over
Man over
All the puny pipes from Italy. toodle &c.

I'm in talk a Pedant Mufical
In fine terms, I lug intrufical
Slap Bravuras, Alt, the Rage about
Hayd'n Mara, Op'ra Stage about
Orotorios
Cramers Florios;
Things at Jubilee,
Neither He nor She,
Die at Syren's note
Tiny Throat
Petticoat
This is Amateur high mufical.

(End of the 2d Act)

Sung by Mr. Johnſton

(Sandy)

At dawn I roſe with Jo-cund glee, for

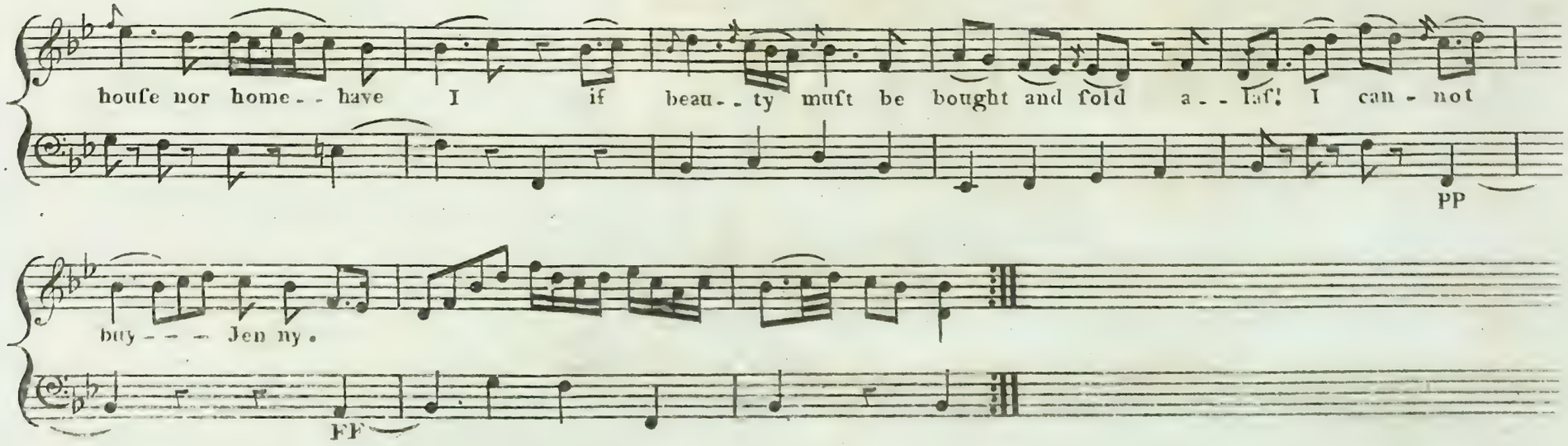
pia.

Joy-full was the day that cou'd this bleſs-ing give to me, now joy is fled a--

--way--- Jen-ny. *for*

for

no flocks nor herds nor ſtore of gold-- nor



2

Yet I am rich if thou art kind,
So priz'd a ſmile from thee,
True love, alone our hearts ſhall bind
Thou'rt all the world to me Jenny.
Sweet gentle Maid, tho' patient meek,
My Lilly drops a tear
Ah! raiſe thy drooping head and ſeek
Soft peace and comfort here Jenny.

Sung by Miſs Reynolds. (Accompanyment by B. Jaturck). (For the Harp or Forte Piano)

Jenny

Dearest youth this heart will break... if cruel

Sol-diers take thee far why peaceful home and me for... ſake to tempt the dan--gers of the

war to tempt the dan-gers of the war. *for* *pia.* But all is

for *pia.*

Home... where thoult re-- fort - - - - my Sandy's ſmiles ſuch comfort bring the humble Vil--lage is a

Court, grac'd by the prefence of a King my San-dys fmiles - - - - - - fuch Comfort bring, fuch Comfort bring.

al Segno 𝄋.

My fil-ken Geer I'll leave be-hind, prepare to face, the rain and wind, with him I'll meet the blaft fo keen - - and

fmile whilft on the billows toft, the heart where love is warm with- in enjoys a May in winter froft.

al Segno 𝄋.

Coda.

War to tempt the dangers of the war to tempt the dan - - gers of the war.

for

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

Pompoſo e Maeſtoſo

Trumpet and Drum

FF.o

Serjeant

Old Eng- land great in

Arts and Arms for manly worth and Fe- male Charms re- nown'd has Ever been,

Trum:

re- nown'd has e- ver been.

And now the Care of bounteous heav'n has to hap- py Al- bion giv'n has to hap- py Albion giv'n a gracious King and

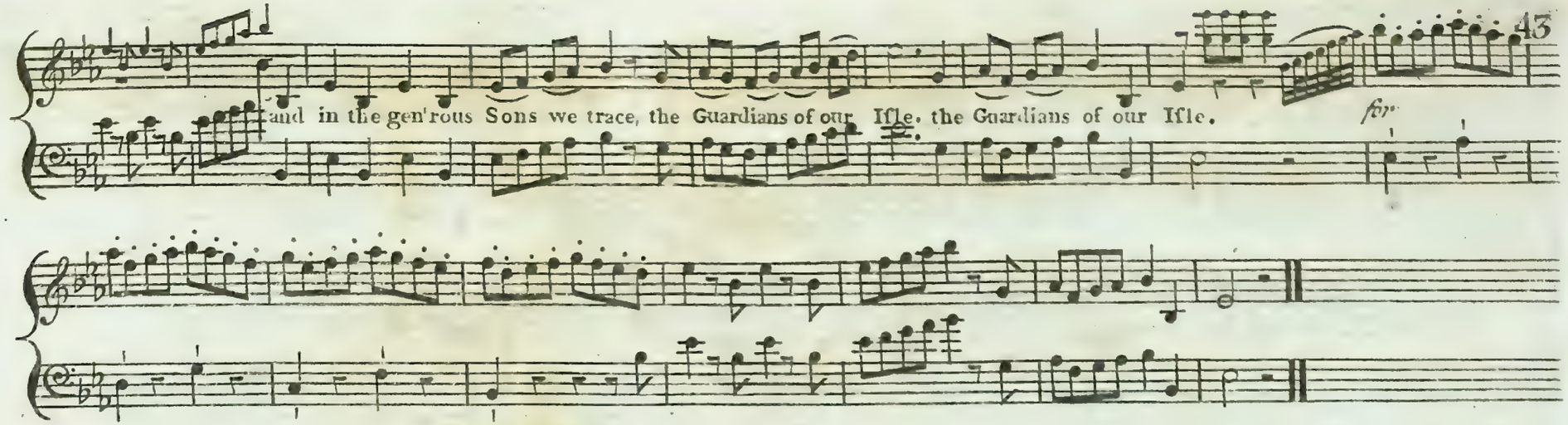
ad lib: for

Queen. in their royal Progeny, our blooming proſpects ſmile the fair poſsesd of ev- ry grace the fair poſsesd of ev' ry grace,

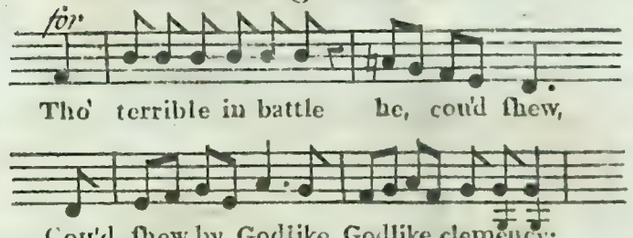
pia: expreſs.o

Trump:

pia: Legati

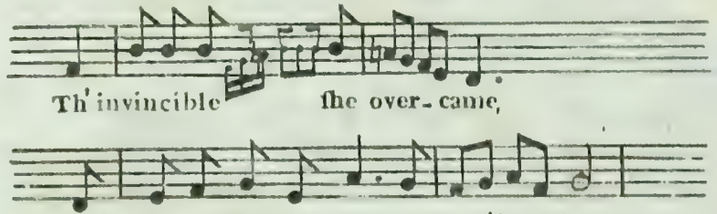


On Cresy's Plain an Edward fought,
A Captive King to London brought,
Twas there his glories shone,
Twas there his glories shone.



He grac'd the Wreath he won,
He grac'd the wreath he won.
When e'er Ambition tempts the war, were ready for the field
To find a Cres-sy still in France
To find a Cres-sy still in France
A royal Fred'rick wields the Lance
And holds Britania's Shield.
And holds Britania's Shield.

Let Fame record Eliza's days,
Her Trumpet tune to Songs of praise,
The grand Arma-da see.
The grand Arma-da see.



Spanish pride was turn'd to shame,
By Britons great and free,
Old Neptune thus Exulting to royal william spoke
If Woman once cou'd guard my realm
If woman once cou'd guard my realm
What Triumph now, when at my Helm
I place a heart of Oak.
A Royal heart of Oak.

Sung by Miſs Fontenelle.

con Spirito

pia.

Merry

Tho' I am now a ve-ry little Lad, If fighting men can-not be had, for want of bet-ter I may do to

pia.

Fife and Drum

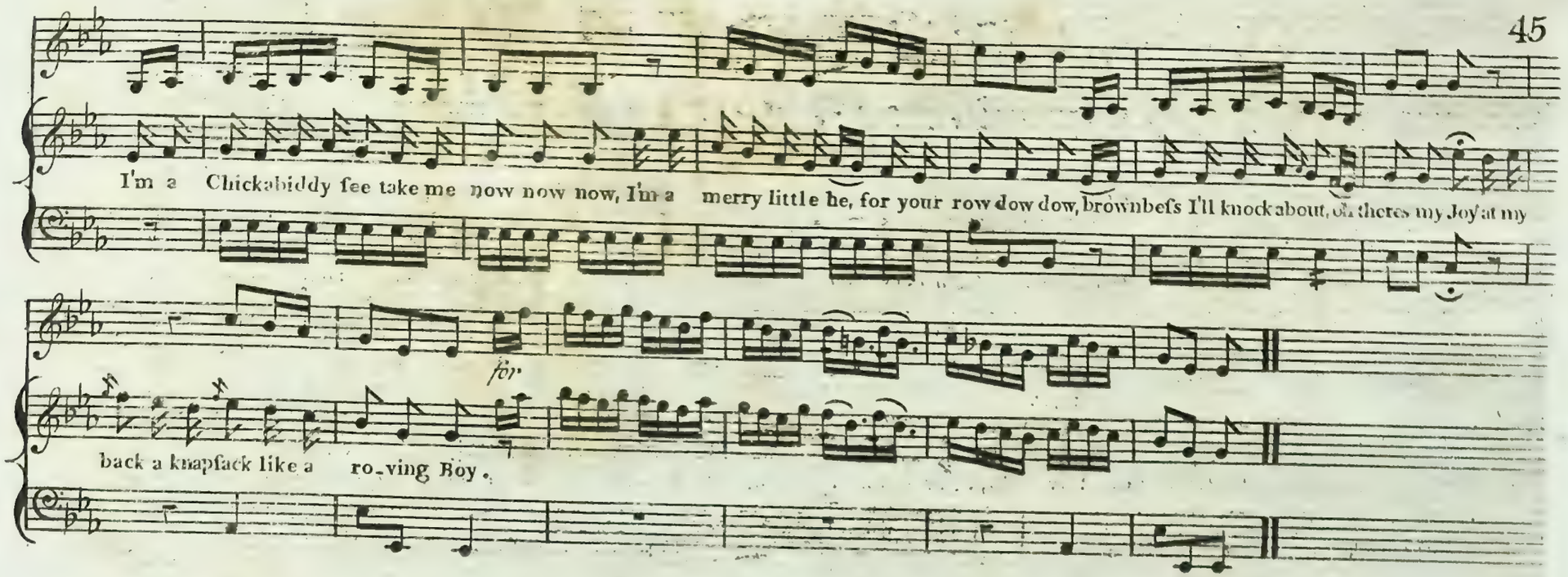
for.

fol-low the Boy with his rat tat too. I may ſeem Ten-der yet I'm tough and

for.

pia

tho' not much o'me I'm right good ſtuff, of this I'll boaſt ſay more who can, I ne-ver was afraid to meet my man.



2

In my Tartan Plaid a young Soldier view
My Phillibeg and Dirk and my Bonnet blue,
Give the word and I'll march where you command
Noble Serjeant with a fhilling then ftrike my hand
My Captain as he takes his gats
May wifh to toy with a pretty Lafs
For fuch a one I've a roguith eye
He'll never want a Girl when I am by.
I'm a Chickabiddy &c.

3

Tho' a Barber never yet has mow'd my chin
With my great broad fword I long to begin
Cut, Slafh, Ram, Damn, oh glorious fun
For a Gun Pip, Pop, change my little Pop-Gun
My foes fhall fly like Geefe in flocks
E'vn Turks I'll drive like Turkey-cocks
And where-ever Quarter'd I fhall be
Oh Zounds how I'll kifs my Landlady
I'm a Chickabiddy &c.

Finale

Sung by Mess.rs Bannister. Johnstone. Quick. Blanchard. Edwin. Miss Reynolds and Miss Fontenelle.

con Spirito

Sandy

Come sprightly Lowland Lass and Highland

Shelty

Bassoons

Lad trip here in Jovial glee

Sandy

Gentle winds from ev'ry Island waft hearts merry blyth and free at

Shelty

Shelty's house in gay carouse your

Basses

pia:

hours employ O well sayd Boy Lay

Mc Gil.

Serj.t

supper down and bring the Booze to

with the young folks love and Joy.

Chorus

Whisky frisky prancing dancing for row send to Nick the Devel, care or trouble who can feel

Whisky frisky prancing dancing for row send to Nick the Devel, care or trouble who can feel,

Whisky frisky prancing dancing for row send to Nick the Devel, care or trouble who can feel,

Whisky frisky prancing dancing for row send to Nick the Devel, care or trouble who can feel

lilt-ing up the high-land Reel.

lilt-ing up the high-land Reel.

lilt-ing up the high-land Reel.

lilt-ing up the high-land Reel.

Fine

(2d Verse)

Mogg.

Mind dear-eſt Lad I tell you fair-ly married I muſt have my way I'm ſure dear Laſs you'll govern rarely

piz.

Charley

Sandy

Love and hon-or I'll o-bey nor marriage Chain, nor bit nor Rein, the

Shel:

duce a bit, a gameſome tit, Gad--

Mog:

Mc Gil:

Shel:

--zooks poor henpeck'd Charley, a wife-man I my Childs a wit.

Mc Gil:

(repeat the Chorus)

Sandy — Jenny

3d. Ver:

The Torch of love by Cupid lighted ne ver ſhall extinguiſh'd lie, true vows at Hymen's Altar plighted

Sandy — Jenny — Both — Mr. Gil. — San:

ro - ſy hours the knot ſhall tie, Far - neſt this, of heav'nly bliſs, my on - ly love, well ſaid by Jove, ſweet

Mr. Gil.

bloſsom ne'er be blighted, ſhe'll Coo like a - ny Tur - tle Dove. (repeat the Chorus)

Serjant

4th. Ver:

Old Neptune's arms the Globe embracing in his graſp can kingdoms hem great Jove upon his finger placing

Drum

Albions I'ſle a radiant Gem oh e - ver ſhine with rays di - vine ſhed Luſter round and thus en - thron'd

ad lib:

Roy - al George with years in - creaſ - ing with each bleſsing e - ver crown'd (repeat the Chorus)

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[illegible]
[illegible]

in C

N° 1

in C 3d♭

N° 2

in D 3.d#

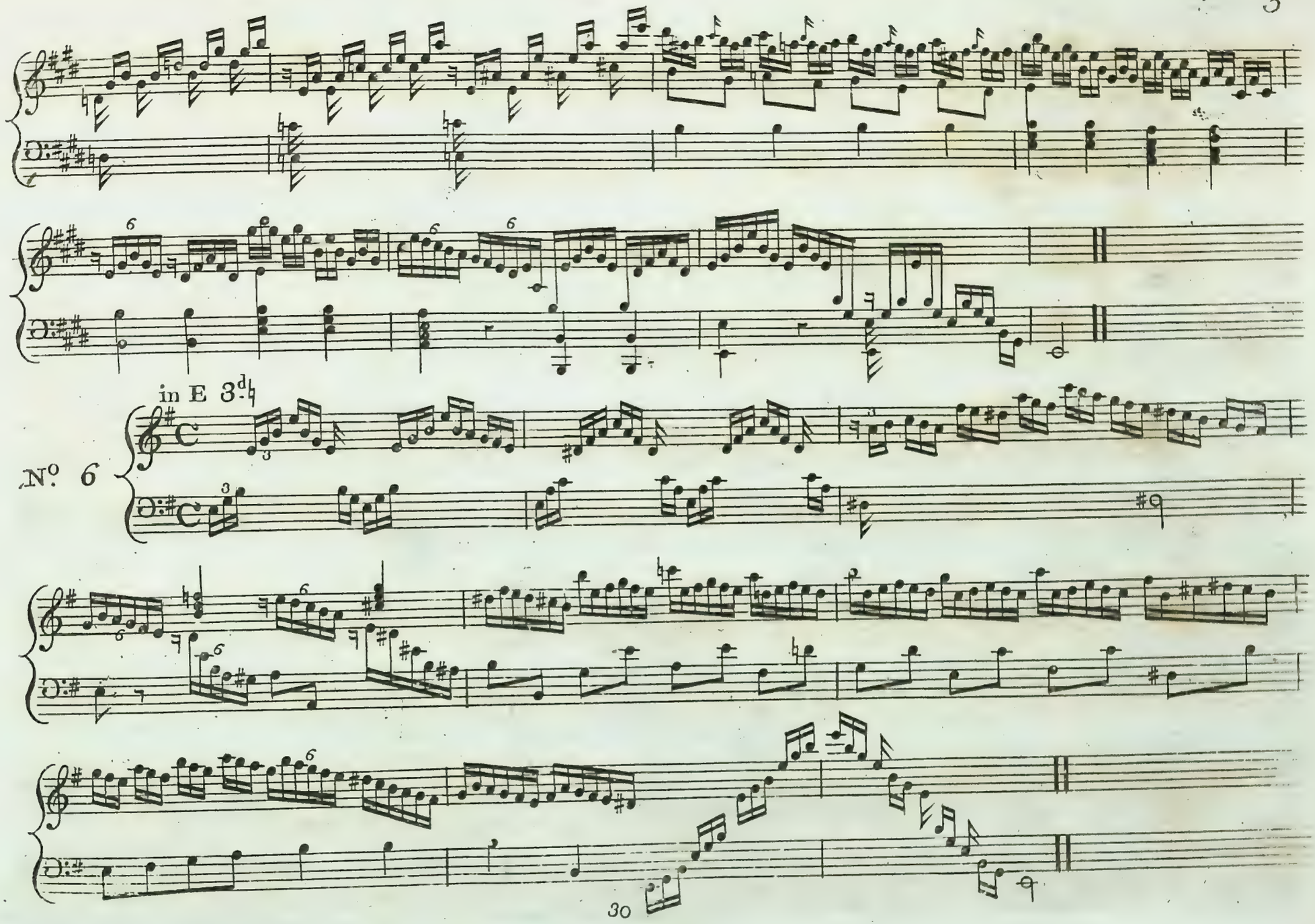
N.o 3

in D 3.d♮

N.o 4

in E 3.d#

N.o 5


in E 3d♭
No. 6

in F

No. 7

in F 3d♭

No. 8

in G

Nº 9

in G 3d♭

Nº 10

in A 3.d ♯

Nº 11

in A 3.d ♭

Nº 12

in B♭

Nº 13

in E♭

Nº 14

Sostenuto